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No. 40.



THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Folk for President

By William Marion Reedy

THE country waits on Mr. Bryan. It has heard from Mr. Watson and Mr. Debs. It knows that there is not room in its confines for two Republican parties such as were pitted against one another this year. Mr. Bryan is the man who is supposed to have concealed in the back of his head a plan whereby there shall be established a distinction between Democracy and Republicanism. Mr. Bryan's following defeated the Democracy this year because it was a Democracy absolutely undistinguished from Republicanism. Mr. Bryan's followers either voted not at all, voted for Roosevelt, voted for Debs, the Socialist, or voted for Watson, the Populist. They are a body of voters forming a large nucleus for a party that shall represent the real opposition to the Republican policies. Mr. Bryan has but to formulate a policy of clearly defined opposition to Roosevelt to gather about himself a party that shall be a real power in the land. It is not necessary that Mr. Bryan's policy should be extremely radical. He need not go the full limit of either the Socialist or Populist programme to hold the vote which those parties polled. Their vote was not a vote of adherence to Socialist or Populist principles so much as it was a vote against the Democracy's Laodiceanism, its blowing hot and cold on vital issues at the same time. Mr. Bryan knows that the country is afraid of too radical measures, but he also knows that the country is ready to hearken to a party that has some reason for existence other than a yearning for offices. Mr. Bryan probably knows, too, that the late campaign shows that the candidate is the platform, and therefore it may be that he is going to be wise and withhold a formal plan for organization until he can find a man to which to attach the plan. Mr. Bryan is, by his own admission, not a possible candidate. He is looking for a man who shall embody the issues of opposition and do so in a manner to make them seem more than mere "springs to catch woodcock." It is pretty plain to Mr. Bryan, or it must be, as it is to everyone else, that the people are not going to renege on expansion, that they are not in favor of any sweeping change in the tariff, that they are not afraid of a strong personality in the White House, that they are not worried about militarism or imperialism or trusts. The people like and want a man, above all things else, a man who isn't afraid of an honest man's duty, a man who does things in conformity with his own conscience, and without regard to the consequences to himself. That's why the people voted for Roosevelt, even if most of them differed with him on one or more points of policy. Mr. Bryan himself may be such a man, but Mr. Bryan has never shown himself such. He has been only a propagandist of opinions. His programme has certain attractions, but the programme must be incarnate in a man. That man must have shown his mettle. Now the Democracy has a man who has shown the country his mettle.

He comes from the State where the people must be shown before they move. He has the merit of being in full sympathy with Mr. Bryan's general principles and purposes. He has the same general recommendation to public favor that Roosevelt has. His career, so far as it has gone, follows the Roosevelt model, though not imitatively. He is a partisan who does not let partisanship blind him to patriotism. He has courage and individual independence. He has done the work that lay to his hand to do, and he has succeeded in spite of machine opposition. He is the only Democrat elected in a State that has gone Republican for the first time in thirty-four years. He is a new Democrat in a new doubtful State. He is a national figure by virtue of his political lonesomeness and by virtue of his work that saved him from the general wreck. He is a Southern man in the one State that has broken away from the solid South, and taken its place politically, as well as geographically, with the West. The logic of his work—the war against boodle—is opposition to privilege, out of the granting of which all boodleism, bossism and most other governmental evils emanate. This logic puts him to the front as a practical exponent of the Bryan idea, for he has struck the greatest blow at privilege by showing how it is secured and maintained, and at what cost to public and private morality. Democracy can be nothing more than protest against such privilege, as Republicanism, in its essence, is nothing more than the advocacy of privilege in government, under various guises. The man who to-day best embodies the good there is in the character that may be called Rooseveltian, and at the same time emphasizes in his person and performance the Democratic idea, as opposed to Republicanism—the man who is a blend of Roosevelt and of Bryan—is Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri. As a leader of his party in 1908 he would represent party principle. He would also be highly expedient. He would hold the Bryan strength and draw from the Republicans. He would not be objectionable to any Parkerites, save those who from now on will be permanently in the Republican camp. Next to Mr. Bryan himself, Mr. Folk is undoubtedly the most commanding figure in his party. All the other leaders, so called, are in eclipse, and the eclipse is likely to be permanent. Of course the next campaign is four years off, but if Mr. Folk can make as good use of the next four years as he has made of the four years just passed, there is nothing can prevent his national leadership of his party in conjunction with Mr. Bryan, who has been vindicated and glorified by the Parker defeat. Mr. Folk will not pass into obscurity as Governor of Missouri. The very fact that he will be a Democratic Governor, surrounded by Republican officials, and confronted by a dubious legislature, will suffice to keep him before the public in effective fashion. However we may look at Folk, he wears many of the aspects of "a man of destiny."

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

President Roosevelt's Visit.

THESE be paradisaal days at the Fair. Indeed, when the President comes out to visit the Fair he will find in Missouri an Elysian atmosphere in sympathy with the feelings which must mellow himself as he thinks of the fact that he is the first Republican who has carried the State for the Presidency a generation and more. Missouri will be as glad to see the President as he will be to see her, for to tell the truth it is difficult to determine whether Mr. Roosevelt or Missouri was the more astonished at what occurred in this commonwealth a week ago last Tuesday. Each is truly glad of what happened, and delight is heightened by surprise. Mr. Roosevelt should be given a great reception at the Fair. He has been a very good friend to the enterprise in every way in which he could befriend it. He is entitled to a good time at our hands, not only because of what he is and what he has done for us, but because he is in need of a little sympathy and condolence to mitigate the storm of congratulations. President Roosevelt deserves sympathy because his recent triumph was almost too big. His party's majority in Congress is too big to be easily manageable. His popular vote was so tremendous that he is lifted out of the rank of a party President and he has, more than any of his predecessors since Lincoln, to look mainly to the satisfaction, not of his party, but of all the people. His party may make some claims upon him too great to be conceded by one before whose name opposition melted to insignificance. The people are a jealous people and exacting. They will expect more of President Roosevelt than of many another because they have put their faith and hope and trust in him. His splendid victory carries with it the penalties proportionate to its importance. President Roosevelt will be held to accountability all the more rigid because he is untrammelled by even the shadow of a shade of obstruction. By the very freedom he has he is bound to a performance of duty along a higher plane than would be set for a President confronted by opposition. His party's great working majority only makes him the more alone. He alone will be held responsible for government during his term. His splendid character invited this trust, this penalty upon its strength and sanity and brilliance. Will he fill the trust? Will he come forth scathless from this high test, this spiritual *peine forte et dure* imposed upon him by the faith of his fellow citizens? He will, for Theodore Roosevelt is a man to whose recognition the seldom mistaken world has arisen with delight in his manhood strong and sweet and pure. His time of trial and stress comes soon enough, and therefore ere it begins may he have a good time at our glorious Fair, and Heaven send him halcyon days for his visit in the wistful end of the mid-west's glorious Indian summer.



Gompers.

MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS appears from his annual address to the American Federation of Labor to be a rather sensible person, in spite of much extravagant denunciation of him by Mr. Parry and other capitalistic communists who want to fight Trades Unionism with a semi-secret and not ultra scrupulous employers unionism. Indeed I should say that I am the more

convinced of the good sense of Mr. Gompers on the labor question, with due consideration for his point of view, when I read that there is a strong movement for his removal from his present position. Mr. Gompers is not infatuated with the strike habit. Mr. Gompers does not believe in too much politics in labor unions. Mr. Gompers is not anxious to extend trades unionism into socialism. He has been charged with all those things and with worse things, but his own utterances in his annual address do not substantiate the charges. Mr. Gompers makes a good showing of good accomplished for the labor cause during the past year. He speaks as one who is an optimist. He is not looking forward to more trouble between employer and employed. He thinks the relations are growing better rather than worse, and he rightly congratulates his fellows that there are more workmen and employers in agreement and understanding while there is less acute feeling of unrest upon the part of either or both than ever before in the history of modern socio-economic relationships. Mr. Gompers appears to have managed the duties of his position with considerable skill, and to have done no little towards the end of shortening great strikes and forcing arbitration. He has deserved well of the members of the organization of which he is the head, and even the employers with whom at various times he has been in conflict can testify that he has not been lacking in a fair degree of consideration for their position and even their prejudices. The Federation of Labor could do no harm greater to themselves or to the country at large than depose Mr. Gompers and put an untried man in his place. Mr. Gompers has made some mistakes of the mouth now and then, but

An Old Garden: A Memory

TALL grasses hide the door
In ivy-covered wall,
Near dull gray steps of stone which bore
The marks of Time—a hidden store
Of memories sweet which evermore
Across the years will call.

The child who loved to stray
With book of fairy lore
In quiet paths, the boy at play,
The huntsman at the dawn of day,
The lovers in the time of May
Will keep their tryst no more.

There down the old stone flight
Of steps, with moss o'ergrown,
Once passed the bride with roses white,
The soldier eager for the fight,
The dead, who, living, made our light,
And, dying, left us lone.

The sunset's fiery gold
Makes radiant the sky;
It shines upon the garden old
And visions come like tales retold,
To vanish as the night wind cold
Breathes out a gentle sigh.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

in the main he has been a careful and just adviser of the workingmen of America in many a crisis.



A Skyscraper's Visit.

VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT FAIRBANKS was at the World's Fair Tuesday, but though he was here for but one day his was a long stay. Mr. Fairbanks is a solemn sort of personage, but then anyone would be solemn who towered so far above his fellow men. It must be terribly lonesome to be so tall that one finds his head butting into wireless telegraph messages as he walks abroad. Mr. Fairbanks is the only skyscraper vice-president we have ever had, and as such we should cherish him. Speaking about Vice-Presidents and such, why can't we get Uncle Cassaway to come out to the Fair? We should like to see him lead a cotillion for the Board of Lady Managers, and he is certainly not to be allowed to pass into history without having had his picture taken in company with "Our Dave." In the ages to come no American of the period A. D. 1903-04 will be recognized as having amounted to shucks unless upon careful search of the archives he shall be found to have posed for a photograph in company with the President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. A portfolio of photographs of David R. Francis alone and with groups and in groups of his own photographs will be treasured in the Congressional Library about the year 3332 even as the Doomsday Book is treasured in the British Museum in London.



Can Do Without It.

REALLY, now, Wall street isn't "such a much" as it has imagined itself to be for some years. For two whole days it has been cut off by storm from the rest of the country, and we have gotten along pretty well, thank you, without the quotations upon which business was supposed to hang. The country could very well do without Wall street and the greater part of what Wall street means for a much longer period than two days. If Rockefeller, Morgan, Kuehn, Loeb, Heidelberg Ickelheimer, Lazard Freres, Speyer & Co., Seligman Bros., H. B. Hollins & Co., Harriman, Gould, Stillman and a score more of the Wall street gang were to fall off the map at once it wouldn't materially affect the country for more than twenty minutes at the greatest.



Man of the Hour in Russia.

PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKY, successor to Von Plehve, is the man of the hour in Russia and should he be successful in crystalizing the Muscovite empire by his progressive plan for governmental reform he may become a powerful figure not only in present day Russia but the greatest man in the history of the empire. Already through his efforts the light of true civilization is beginning to shine through the rift in the cloud that has in the past hovered over Russia. In its incipency the Prince's administration has had magical effect upon the tax-burdened and unhappy Muscovites. He has to a certain extent restored confidence in the Finns, who were robbed of both their personal liberty and other constitutional rights by the bureaucracy of Russia, and the unfortunate Jews of the empire can see in his scheme some measure of relief. Changes which a year ago would have been considered revolutionary have been instituted by him. The secret service and espionage systems have been called off their familiar stamping ground, trials for political offenses are now publicly conducted and accessible to the humblest peasant, and many persons, "rail-roaded" to the penal colony in Siberia for fictitious

political crimes, have been recalled and set at liberty. In short, the Prince gives a guarantee of greater personal liberty and some justice in all trials. That he will be successful in the end is practically assured by his courage in tackling the problem. Entering office he found Russia in need of just such a tonic. True, the announcement of his plans did not fire the empire with patriotic zeal—such unexpected boons are slow to sink into the Russian heart and understanding—but it met with the opposition of a powerful party, headed by the Zemstvos, unalterably opposed to constitutional proposals. The Prince fought for his principle against many of the most powerful men in Russia and now he has received his reward in the approval by the Czar of the plan for a constitutional conference. With the Czar the people and the army with him he must surely win.



Humane Work Neglected.

WHAT'S the matter with the probation officer, the Humane Society and the police officers in the business district? Everybody who has business in the large office buildings or who enters the public places down town is anxious to have this question answered. The cause is the apparent neglect of duty of these officers who are supposed at all times to look after the welfare of children. Since the World's Fair was opened St. Louis has become a rendezvous for children, boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 12 years. They go about the streets and through the down town offices and saloons at all hours of the day and night, peddling trifles and seeing and hearing much that will send them on the downward path at a fast pace. Many of them appear to be the victims of unprincipled parents and are ever ready with evasive replies when questioned as to their homes and their relatives. These children should be taken in custody and their parents should be prosecuted if guilty of neglect toward them. Visitors in the hotels and down town resorts at night are amazed at the sight of the little tots tramping the streets at all hours, meeting policemen without molestation and entering fearlessly some of the lowest resorts. If at any time in the career of such unfortunate children something for their moral and perhaps physical welfare can be accomplished, it is now. And those public officers who are supposed to look after them should get a "move on" themselves.



Bills to Watch.

Now that St. Louis is going into the business of disposing of its own garbage, instead of letting the contract to an individual or a company, we fail to hear any wild shrieks from those extreme individualists who have the horrors every time they think of anything that savors of socialism. If St. Louis can collect and incinerate its own garbage, why can it not furnish its own gas and electric light, operate its own street railways, etc? Which reminds me that there are two or three ordinances pending in the Municipal Assembly providing for franchises for new lighting companies in this city. They appear to have been sneaked into the local legislature in the midst of election excitement. They should be watched very carefully, because for all the hullabaloo we have had here about boodle there are still "business men" in the Municipal Assembly, and some of them even now are rather indignant that for the passage of a recent bill they did not receive a certain honorarium, if that's what you like to call it. A certain conspicuous Colonel is reported to be much aggrieved that a certain franchise measure was

"put over the plate" for nothing when he had begun negotiations to see it through for a consideration to be paid him and possibly divided later with a few statesmen in and out of jobs.



The Charming "Widow."

I SEE that the sprightly "Widow" of *Town Topics* has left St. Louis and gone to Chicago, which leads me to remark that the best and most discriminating treatment of the Fair given by any metropolitan publication was that given by the New York "journal of society." "The "Widow" was crisp and salty in her comments upon the city, its people and their great undertaking, but she was just and upon the whole kindly disposed, and I venture to say that her work peculiar of its kind and calculated for a paper of such special class appeal as is made by *Town Topics* was not the least effective and valuable publicity given the World's Fair and the World's Fair city. The "Widow" deserves the thanks of St. Louisans generally as much as she deserves the pleasant remembrances of all those who met her during her stay in the city.



Education at House of Refuge.

THE Board of Education has it within its power to act favorably upon one of the most sensible and humanitarian measures that has ever come before it, namely, to give the children of the House of Refuge an opportunity to acquire at least the rudiments of an education, but strange to say, some of the members seem rather lacking in comprehension of the importance of the measure or of the benefit that would accrue to both the municipality and the citizens. Because the Board of Governors of the House of Refuge in making the request proposed to extend the educational facilities only to the waifs or orphans intrusted to the city's care, some of the School Directors have taken the stand that the other little unfortunates, known as delinquents, who were consigned to the institution by the courts or the mayor should not participate in the benefits of the proposed school. This is a rather narrow view for a progressive public school director of a large city to take, when the learned men of the world, many of them educators, have been trying for many moons to inculcate the idea that crime can be reduced to a minimum by education. As a matter of fact, the delinquent in the House of Refuge is a victim of ignorance and environment, and he is, if anything, more in need of the advantages of education. There is no danger in lighting the lamp of knowledge wherever there is none, nor in letting all bask in his rays. The Board of Education should remember this, and they should also banish the fear that the establishment of a public school for the children of the city's reformatory will result in appeals for the same advantages from other institutions for children of a more or less denominational character. Some of the members, for instance, seem to think Catholic orphanage may take advantage of such a precedent, but everybody acquainted with the attitude of the Catholic church on the public school question can see how absurd is this idea. There could be nothing more paradoxical than a public school in a Catholic institution of any kind. The best thing the school directors can do, it seems to me, is to cease quibbling and grant the request of the House of Refuge governors. And if necessary, from a moral or any other standpoint, let them have two schools—one for delinquents and one for the waifs. The city can afford it. It will be money well spent, and it certainly will help to make good citizens out of some embryo "bad men." I doubt that the Refuge

without such an educational arm, has accomplished much towards the reformation of the wayward youth in the past, and now is the time to repair the mistake of not having had such a school there always.



Who'll Be the Next Mayor?

NEXT April the citizens of St. Louis must elect a Mayor and some other city officers. Naturally the recent election has given the Republicans confidence in their ability to carry the city in the spring, although the Democrats carried the city for Governor for the first time in thirty years, and Parker and Davis even carried it by a small vote. The Republican city ticket won because the Democratic boodlers voted it straight. But be that as it may, the Republicans are confident that they can elect either Mr. Otto Stifel or Mr. Franklin Ferriss, who is now general counsel for the World's Fair. Mr. Thomas Niedringhaus may also be a Republican candidate for Mayor, if he does not secure the United States Senatorship from the Legislature in January or February. The Democrats are somewhat dazed in contemplating the prospects of the spring election. On every hand is heard the declaration that the Democrats cannot win without the support of Col. Ed. Butler. In order to prove this Col. Butler and his friends knifed the city ticket last week. The question is whether the Democrats will want to win with Butler, whether they would not prefer defeat without him to victory with him. Col. Butler may have defeated the ticket, but his victory was vain. He wanted to defeat Folk, and Folk was elected. He wanted to defeat Judge Sale and Judge Sale was elected. He wanted to defeat Wood for Congress, and Wood was elected. He wanted to defeat Thomas E. Kinney for State Senate, and Kinney was elected. He wanted to elect Judge Zachritz, and Judge Zachritz was defeated. All Col. Butler appears to have got is the scalp of Mr. Hawes, and that isn't yet at his belt, for Mr. Folk will be Governor, and Mr. Hawes supported Folk, and Folk may not be unwilling to back up Mr. Hawes in a fashion to enable Mr. Hawes to put Butler "on the hog train." Col. Butler will try to name the Democratic candidate for Mayor, but if he does Col. Butler will have to elect him by himself. The people whom Butler threw down will not elect a Butler man for Mayor. Butler will certainly fight any Hawes man for Mayor. Between the two forces almost any nominee would have a hard task to win. Indeed, it was just before the recent election that the tip got out that Rolla Wells would probably be the Francis-Hawes nominee for Mayor. Wells as Mayor in the last four years has fought Butler and Butler's friends at every mark in the road, and the news that Wells was being groomed for another term probably gave more vigor to the Butler arms that cast Republican ballots on the 8th inst. Mayor Wells, however, would probably be *persona non grata* to Mr. Folk as a candidate for reelection, since the two men fell out early in the boodle crusade over the matter of the Mayor's attitude towards the crusade. Mr. Folk will be Governor when the nominations are to be made, and he will be pardoned for desiring to have a Democratic nominee for Mayor of St. Louis who would be in closer personal sympathy with him than Mr. Wells has been, although Mr. Wells lent Mr. Folk every possible aid and support in his boodle fight. Some of Mr. Folk's friends thought prior to election night that Mr. Given Campbell might be a good man to nominate, but now they don't know what to think, although Mr. Folk insists that any nominee can carry the city for Mayor or anything else if only he will go out on the stump and make an open fight upon Butler and Butlerism. Mr. Folk insists that the man who fights Butler can

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carry the city by a big majority, no matter what Butler may do in the wards he controls. Mr. Festus J. Wade and Mr. Charles H. Huttig, presidents respectively of the Mercantile Trust Company and the Third National Bank, were quite definitely outlined candidates for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination until a week ago Wednesday. After that they didn't like the looks of the situation. So it happens just now that there is no great struggle for the Democratic nomination for Mayor, and the Republicans appear to have things all their own way. Things may change in January, when it is seen what Gov. Folk will do in the matter of appointments to the Police Board, Election Board and Excise Commissionership. If Folk stands to his purpose of destroying Butlerism his appointees can batter the Butler forces to pieces, drive them out of the City Committee, keep them out of the convention, deprive them of a voice in the nomination, choke them off at the polls on election day, and elect any ticket the anti-Butler men may put up. All that Folk needs in St. Louis is a man game enough to force a fight such as the Butlers will make. He will need all his courage, and he will have to put most of his scruples in cold storage pending the battle. Such a man will be worthy of some good appointment, and of all the backing that Folk can give him. If the fight on Butler is to be dropped Butler will name the city ticket, and it will be anti-Folk from top to bottom, and the people will vote it down. The Folk-Butler fight is not done with. It has just begun. And as it goes on the Republicans have all the best of the political situation locally. The next Mayor of St. Louis will be a Republican unless Mr. Folk shall be behind the Democratic nominee with all his personal and official potency.



Reform Hot Off the Bat.

GRATIFYING manifestations of an intention to wipe out police favoritism in the enforcement of law are in evidence these days. It is probable that the police will soon close and keep closed certain gambling places that have been running, more or less wide open in this city for about a year. The places that have been running have, queerly enough, been places the proprietorship of which has been hostile to the supposedly Democrat political element in police management. The hand-books and crap-games and policy shops, to say nothing of panel game houses, that have been wonderfully immune from police attention, turned out their full strength last election day, not to support the ticket nominated by the element controlling the Police Board, but to smash the Democratic ticket. The touts and grafters and pimps were conspicuous in repeating for the Republican ticket in several important wards, after they had flourished without interference for more than a year. It was always a mystery why the petty gamblers who were running wide open were aligned against the powers supposed to be supreme in police affairs, and it was more of a mystery where the rake-off from the games went in the long run. The beneficiaries of the county graft and the steamboat graft—both of which were strengthened in profit by a closing down of all save a few snaps in the city related to the county and steamboat games—not only knocked the Democratic ticket here, but stuffed the Republican ticket through in St. Louis County, and sent bands of repeaters to operate for Republican officials in Evansville, Ind., and Edwardsville, Ill. The pull that kept the town closed to sweeten the county and river game was repaid by a general attack upon the Democratic ticket. Every crapsier, policy player and panel-sharp that had been let alone turned upon the party that was in power. They had flourished under the apparent fa-

vor of those they knifed. Col. Butler's friends appear to have had all the policy privileges and crap protection, and now Col. Butler's friends are declaring that they will see that there is no competition in the graft business by the proteges of the local racing syndicate. We may look, among other things, for a war upon the racing game in the legislature, for, as everybody knows, Col. Butler still "holds it in for" the racing syndicate because that body three years ago forced the closing of the Colonel's telegraph pool room. When that fight began the racing syndicate got into politics and the Jefferson Club against Butler, and has been in ever since as the sinews of anti-Butler war. Now that Butler thinks he has smashed his chief opponent, Mr. Hawes, he will get after the racing syndicate and their friends. Now that Butler appears to have "crushed" Hawes, to quote Mr. James Campbell, it is being discovered that there are more Butler men than Hawes men on the police force. These Butler men are making a mistake, however, in showing their hands so early, because Mr. Folk will be Governor, and he is committed to war upon Butler to the end of the chapter, and every Butler man will have to go. There will be a cleaning up and a cleaning out of the police force, and the Butlerites will be the first to walk the plank. Butler could not have "thrown down" the Democratic ticket in six wards as he did, without a certain amount of police connivance, and the police connivance at the "throw down" would have been even more extensive had it not been for Chiefs Kiely and Desmond, who were loyal to Folk and Hawes. The police will be cleaned out, and the grafters will be cleaned out. The Butler

protection and the race track protection will both be destroyed. Police activity begun this week will have far-reaching reformatory effects in the immediate future, and one of the greatest results of all will probably be the endeavor to enact a law that will limit racing in the State to thirty days, that will crush out the great horse-gambling evil in pool-rooms and hand-books, that will wipe out the mockery of the so-called breeders' law and destroy the political power of the racing syndicate as shown in its attempt to secure the nomination of persons friendly to its interests on both sides of the political house for State Senate and House of Representatives. The pool room game in the United States has grown to proportions as great and as morally dangerous as the Louisiana Lottery in its palmiest days. A movement against it will have tremendous support. Governor-elect Folk of Missouri is just the man to inaugurate a crusade against the evil. If he does so, it will continue him as a national reform figure, and he will be followed in his course by other governors. He will make anti-pool room movements as popular as anti-boodle movements. The racing syndicate will be sorry its friends in the craps games and steamboat graft went against Folk and the St. Louis city ticket, as Butler's policy game contingent will be sorry they turned out on election day against the police who had been letting them alone.



The Police Pension Measure.

The people in the cities and out in the State took a hard fall out of the police of St. Louis and Kansas City when they defeated the pension amendment at the recent election. This hostility toward the guardians of the peace was evidently due to the abuse heaped upon them by the Republican newspapers, which charged them with participation in election outrages. It doesn't seem fair to discriminate against the police. It produces bad results. When the public shows hostility towards the conservators of the peace, the lawless class is inclined to regard that as an excuse to continue their criminal career, and if necessary shoot down any officers who may oppose them, as was done not so long ago here in St. Louis. But aside from all this, the defeat of the pension amendment makes many worthy officers suffer for the acts of a few who may have overstepped the bounds of duty at the primaries or general elections.



Folk and the Machine.

MEMBERS of the old Democratic machine are saying that Folk won in Missouri because he talked for himself, and not for his party. Bosh! The old machine discredited itself. The Cardwell evidence, the alum story, the coal oil inspection boodle story, the Missouri Health Society and a dozen other scandals discredited the old machine. And what did the old machine do for Folk? Knifed him. Mr. Folk is Governor-elect of Missouri chiefly by virtue of Republican votes. He owes the old gang nothing but as hard a kicking as he can give it at every opportunity that offers.



Arkansas, Too?

AND now it seems possible that Arkansas has gone for Roosevelt. This is almost too much, although Arkansas has had great provocation in the personality of its Governor, Jeff Davis.



To Hold the State.

THE Republicans can and will hold Missouri for their party if they don't fall to squabbling over the spoils, and if they live up to their platform promises.

The Forerunners

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

IN the first sleep-watch of the night
With dreams that flit and hesitate,
Hark for the tokens of our flight:—
Lost voices seeking each his mate;

A hurrying step upon the road,
A knock, a cry, but only one,
So heed it not, for it shall be
Forgotten with the morning sun.

These are the tokens of our flight,
We, nameless ones who go before,
Who knock to call a comrade soul
And find no latch at any door.

That drifting smoke across the plain,
That footfall fading by the sea,—
Perchance our camp-fires dying out,
Our passionate steps no more to be.

The haunting echo and its grief,
The vagrant red of autumn leaf
Luring you on from hill to hill,
That vagrant red, that wandering sigh,
It is the life blood that we spill.

Yet we are nameless before God,
We have nor grave nor epitaph,
And where we perished of our thirst,
Yea, where there was no drop to quaff,
A spring shall gush from our dead bones
And full-fed ones sit down and laugh.

—From *McClure's Magazine*.

They should have no difficulty on the latter point, as they are at one with the Democratic Governor-elect on all the details of the issue of good government.



A Man from the Country.

THE MIRROR has no favorite, but many friends among the men who are mentioned as possible successors of Cockrell in the United States Senate. It is without prejudice, therefore, that this paper ventures to suggest that it would be unwise to bestow the toga upon a St. Louisan. St. Louis has had almost all the honors in the gift of the party in Missouri. The country Republicans should come in for something, and that something should be worth while.



A Life of Shakespeare.

NOTHING in the line of biography is or was more needed, in my opinion, than a "Life of Shakespeare." I say *was* needed, for it is needed no longer now that Dana, Estes & Co. have published such a life by Prof. W. J. Rolfe. There has grown up of late years an apocryphal Shakespeare, a Shakespeare utterly mythical, a Shakespeare who was Bacon, Marlowe, or Raleigh or Queen Elizabeth herself, a Shakespeare who wrote the most beautiful plays in the world to hide secrets not worth hiding, to settle grudges not worth bearing, to glorify people who must have been contemptible to a mind like Shakespeare's. Professor Rolfe tells us all there is to know of Shakespeare the man, and it is little enough, but he makes it very clear that in the matter of lack of details concerning his career Shakespeare is no exception among his contemporaries, that as little is known of any one of them, outside the circle of the royal and noble, as of himself. The mystery that surrounds Shakespeare is no deliberate cloak thrown around him by any great patron or by himself. Shakespeare is no more unknown as a man than Marlowe or a dozen others who did great work and forgot to celebrate themselves in those spacious days. Prof. Rolfe does the usual amount of supposing and analogizing and deducing from this, that or the other reference in pamphlets, plays, sermons, court records, memoirs, etc., in order to make out a connected story of Shakespeare's life, but he does not claim to have proved any such story. He tells us simply all that is known and all the wild, weird and wonderful things that have been guessed concerning "Sweet Will of Avon" by biographers, interpreters and annotators. He tells us where, when and how Shakespeare may have found the material for this play or that, and he takes a common-sense view of the meaning of the sonnets which nevertheless is utterly unsatisfactory to anyone who has read them carefully and tried to understand such passionateness of devotion to a man as is lavished on "the sole and onlie begetter" thereof, "Mr. W. H." Professor Rolfe has a splendid contempt for the Baconians, and he shows it charmingly when in discussing some verses in "The Passionate Pilgrim," supposed to be by Shakespeare, he says that "they are possibly worse than the best verses ever written by Francis Bacon." Professor Rolfe's book is a compact affair. It is never diffuse. It packs the facts in close and boils down the surmises to the smallest space. The result is one volume that contains all that is known and most of what has been reasonably guessed concerning the man Shakespeare and his life. The book is full of quotations from what the greatest men in the world have written about Shakespeare. It is crammed with criss-crossing information about a thousand things of Shakespeare's time, manners, customs, anecdotes, genealogies, literary and dramatic chronology, estimates of great and unique historical or imaginative characters. It is an encyclopedia of

Shakespearean information with side lights upon other matters too multitudinous to count, and the marvelous mosaic story is told with much sprightliness and humor and an appreciation of the subject at the farthest possible remove from the "dryasdust" attitude of the anatomizing, vivisectioning, coldblooded biographer-controversialist.



Big Stick.

THIS shall be known in history as the year of the Big Stick. There never was such a big stick as the way the country stuck to Roosevelt.



No Gas from Gassaway.

BLESSINGS upon the head of dear old Uncle Gassaway! He hasn't said a word in explanation of the landslide. I always said he was the wiser and better man of the two on the Democratic national ticket.



Reduce Rents.

IS IT not about time for rents in St. Louis to come down to an ante-Fair basis? Property owners and agents had better get a move on themselves in this matter. "Reduce rents" is a popular and reasonable cry just now.



To See the Fair.

TO THE members of the Board of Education: Declare Friday, November 25, a school holiday. The day is useless for school purposes, between Thanksgiving day and Saturday. Give the teachers and children a three days' chance to see the Fair at its ending.



For His Life.

EUGENE F. WARE has resigned his position as Commissioner of Pensions and will return to the practice of law and poetry. His act is probably a case of fleeing for his life, for the elections mean another and renewed assault upon the pension fund. Mr. Ware knows what is coming, so he's going, which proves that Mr. Ware, though a poet and a humorist, is also a man of good sense.



Won't Be Bilked.

THERE need be no worry upon the part of the several hundred—or is it thousand?—persons who have obtained verdicts for damages against the St. Louis Transit Company, defunct, that they will not be able to collect the judgments rendered. The Transit Company gave bonds in each suit. If the Transit Company, that was, cannot pay, the bondsmen must. There will be no wholesale bilking of victims of the late straw corporation.



Par Nobile Fratrem.

How would it do for the Republicans of Missouri to make either Col. Edward Butler or H. Sam Priest United States Senator? Those two gentlemen did the best work in the State for Republican success, even though they are Democrats. Sam raised the coin and controlled the cow-coroners. Ed made the issue out of himself and swung the votes that affected the chief results in St. Louis. Priest and Butler—Sam and Ed—did the trick. If they deny the soft impeachment, ask Chairman Niedringhaus of the Republican State Committee.



The Independent Vote.

NEVER before was the independent voter so much in evidence as in the returns of the late elections. Nev-

er before were so many machines smashed and bosses rebuked. This is a good sign, for once a man breaks away from his party he never goes back to the old yellow dog idea. Once an independent, always an independent. There are more independents than ever. Parties will have to play for them harder than ever. The only way they can play for them is by putting up better men on better platforms. Partisanship catering to mugwumpery is the best guarantee of good government.



The War Situation.

The latest reports from Manchuria indicate that both the Japanese and Russian armies are prepared for a renewal of military operations on a large scale in the vicinity of the Shakhe river. There have been a lot of outpost fighting and bombardments here and there along the lines of the two forces, but until the last few days evidence of a resumption of fighting throughout the entire line was not noticeable. It is apparent that both commanders were waiting on the result of the operations at Port Arthur, and as it is now evident from the confident tone of the demands for the surrender of the garrison, that the Japs are about ready to push to the finish their assault, their comrades in the north have made ready for a cooperative move. If it is possible that General Kuropatkin still is desirous of regaining Liao Yang to the south of the present position of the opposing forces, the Japs may lure him on, and after he has broken through their lines and defenses, they may be able to completely envelop him and his army, with the aid of the troops now engaged in the operations at Port Arthur. The Russians, while not showing signs of their depression, evidently have little hope of holding the citadel. But they will make the Japs pay dearly for it with human life. Already 40,000 Japanese have been slain in front of the city's forts and walls, and the final assault is expected to add many more thousands to this number for, the approaches to the city proper are understood to be heavily mined and ready to be blown up as soon as the enemy advances. The defending army, though displaying the greatest courage, is no doubt only too anxious for the enemy to complete their task. Not all of them are of the opinion of General Stoessel, that Port Arthur shall be their grave. They are hopeless of relief by way of the sea, despite all the stories afloat that Russia has increased the effectiveness of its present fleet by the purchase of ships from other powers. There is now scarcely any reason to hope for a rescue by the Russian naval forces. The Port Arthur squadron's remnants are lying helpless under the Japanese guns, the Vladivostok squadron, has been weakened by an accident to the Gromoboi, and the Baltic fleet is making but poor progress toward its destination. The big problem growing out of the situation, one that almost amounts to a puzzle to the Russian government, is whether it is wise to risk the destruction of the entire fleet in Chinese waters in the faint hope of relieving Port Arthur, when in a few weeks they may find Vladivostok threatened by the Japanese, and have no war ships to protect the harbor.



Tyrannous Guardsmen.

OUT at the Fair the Jefferson Guards are becoming too "fresh" and too insulting. About four out of every five need a good trouncing. They are the most disagreeable feature of the Fair, and as the great show draws to a close they are becoming so unbearable in their impudence and ruffianly discourtesy that the public reads with pleasure every item that announces the drubbing of one of them. They are a

The Mirror

cheap pack of petty tyrants, for the most part, and at any stage of the Fair one St. Louis policeman has been worth a dozen of them for any sort of efficiency combined with courtesy. There is scarcely a person in the city who has had anything much to do at the Fair who has not ground for complaint against the stupidity or discourtesy, or both, of numbers of the Jefferson Guards of late. Incidents like the mistreatment of Chinese Commissioner Wong Kai Kah last Monday are numerous, and more numerous as the Fair nears its end, and it may be that, if such acts continue, there will be some day soon a general, practical, positive resentment of the Guard's tyranny by men who have borne with it under protest during the last seven months. It might be a good rule from now on: if a guard gets gay, smash him!



Towards the Close of the Fair.

WAS there anything exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition that didn't take the grand prize? Why, the State of Missouri received a first prize for canteloupes when it did not exhibit any. If it were not unpatriotic it would be well to write up what a blooming fake the whole prize system at the Fair has turned out to be in all the departments from art and architecture down to artichokes. Worst of all, the fake is in some quarters alleged to be rounded off with graft on the part of some of the men making the awards. If Mr. Steffens of *McClure's Magazine* wants a fine story of graft let him circulate among the Fair exhibitors and reprint their stories of how the prizes were bestowed. I don't pretend to say that all the stories of graft in the matter of awards are true. They can't *all* be true; but by the same token some of them, many of them, in fact, *must* be true. It will be particularly interesting to students of the Fair as a social and economical problem to watch for the comment and criticism upon our Fair from the outsiders who have been most closely identified with it, when those outsiders get permanently away from their local associations. Up to date we have been pretty well jollied along by everybody who came in contact with the Fair, just as we have been jollyng them along, but the time is coming for an end of all that and it may do us good if we get a large dose of unpalatable truth from a great many quarters. There is a vast amount of dissatisfaction and ill feeling banked under a fair and smiling social exterior at the Fair, and when it blazes forth there will be, I am afraid, no little scandal to the country. Things are pretty bad in Fair matters generally when a man like Adolphus Busch, the most public-spirited man in the community, finds himself forced to resign from the Fair directory. It is likely that we shall learn something about St. Louis rapacity when we hear some of the unfortunate concessionaires telling in court of their fate when they fell into the hands of the local Gentlemen's Usury Association, from whom so many of them are now turning to the gentler hands of the sheriff and constables. There will be somewhat of a blow-off on the ugly hidden details of the Fair within two or three weeks and, perhaps, it will be for everybody's good. The Fair management, we may well believe, has been consistently clean, but Lord what a milking the enterprise has had, and all who have dealt with the Fair, from the understrappers and underlings. The Fair has been robbed right and left. Once or twice the facts concerning the robbery have leaked out, but the country will never know to what an extent the Fair has been made a bloomer by the dishonesty of the people through whose hands moneys had to pass. The Fair has been plucked with an assiduity indicating a conviction that it was a last chance. The Fair

has developed the fact that there is a World's Fair following not unlike the circus or race following of grafters who have been improving their methods of "copping the cush" at each Exposition until they reached the limit both of daring and dexterity in helping themselves to whatever was in sight. It is well that World's Fairs are from now on a thing of the past. Their passing will destroy a grand army of peripatetic grafters. And here the thought comes—how many of these grafters are to be left here when the Fair is done? Only too many, we may be sure. They have "torn off" money but they have spent it. They are stranded. Their only resource or recourse is to graft on the community where they find themselves strapped. They will constitute a dangerous and lawless element in the community. I see that the Provident Association has wisely warned us that we shall have a great number of helplessly indigent people on our hands as a residuum of the Fair and advises us to take care of them during the winter, but even more important than this is the necessity which will confront the community of protecting itself against the desperate wholly or semi-criminal elements left over with us from the Fair. We shall be abundantly able and willing, I doubt not, to take care of the unfortunates bequeathed us by our great undertaking, but we should begin now to make provision for taking care of the crooks who will be

left upon our hands. Once before the MIRROR has declared its belief that the police force as it existed prior to the Fair will not be adequate to meet conditions consequent upon the Fair, and it again asserts that it would be wise to retain upon the police force all the men appointed at the beginning of the Fair as probationary or special policemen. There is a greater territory to police than there was seven or eight months ago, or at least a territory then sparsely settled and built up is now populous and of highly increased property importance. This territory cannot be neglected nor can the older parts of the city be sparsely policed for the benefit of the newly settled region. St. Louis needs every police officer of every kind now upon the rolls, and in fact many more to give the city the protection it will need from certain elements left here after the Fair.



Lady Managers.

Poor, dear Lady Managers! They have recently been oscillating between tears and tantrums over their troubles. They have ordered banquets for twenty, at which one hundred guests appeared. They have been auditing the accounts of their secretary and treasurer, and don't know what the accounts demonstrate. They are criticised for those they invite to their functions, and for those they do not invite. They

When Mr. Steffens Came

By W. D. Nesbit

US people here in Bowersville take all the magazines, And some of us have figured out what Kipling's story means— The womenfolks, that is, they have their literary club That talks of latest stories and about the latest snub. But politics attracts us men, and we had dreams of fame And thoughts of notoriety when Mr. Steffens came. He dropped in quietly one day and stopped at the hotel; He told the landlord that he liked the coffee very well; He praised the village pavements, and he asked Tom Jones, the clerk, About the cost of doing them, and who had done the work. He asked about a lot of folks, or spoke of them, at least, The landlord came and whispered: "That is Steffens, from the East." Jim Thomas, when he heard of it, he took a mighty oath That he could whip the magazine, or Steffens—yes, or both!— And that if Steffens thought that he could slip into our town And ex-po-see our politics, we'd have to throw him down. Bill Hunter is the party boss, but he gave up the game And said he'd been called out of town, when Mr. Steffens came.

Well, this here Steffens loafed around the place a day or so, And always spoke right well of things; he said the place would grow, And that it showed its enterprise, had lots of go-ahead— Sam Wilkins, when he heard of this, looked mad and shook his head And said that if he wrote too much they'd write "the late deceased" Next time the papers printed "Mr. Steffens from the East." On Monday Steffens said he guessed he'd found the lay of things, And that he'd go to work that day—he'd have to pull some strings In order to get started right, and so he'd like to get The names of men of prominence besides the ones he'd met. The boarders at the table each put down his knife and fork And looked in dumbest wonderment at Steffens from New York. It wouldn't do. We didn't want the name of Bowersville Mixed up with "Crime in Politics;" so Tom and me and Bill Went up to Steffens quietly, and said: "Say, we don't mean To have you printing things on us in any magazine." It only goes to show a man has got to live and learn: "Why, boys," says Steffens, "I came here to sell a patent churn."

From the Chicago Tribune.

look back on their work of seven months, and they can't find that they've done anything that counts for anything. They have worked, practically, to no end. They wore their fine clothes; they ate their fine food; they have been on the go night and day. And all they realize is that the Fair management and the people generally are and have been secretly laughing at them and their ineffective strenuousness. To crown their troubles they now discover that they have \$50,000 in the treasury which they cannot expend by the time the Fair closes, and they don't know what to do with it. They hate to give it back to the Fair management, and they don't know whether they should do so. Was there ever such an indictment against woman? The idea of having a grip on a chunk of the public's money and letting \$50,000 of it go back to the public. Managers, forsooth! Who can blame them for crying over the prospect of surrendering such a handsome surplus?



About Japan.

JAPANOMANIACS would do well to read Lafcadio Hearn's last book, "Japan; an Attempt at an Interpretation." They will find themselves at first and in fact, to the last, fascinated by this study of the people of the new risen Eastern power. At first they will be captivated by the beauty, the simplicity, the plasticity, the delicate charm of the people and their institutions as portrayed by one who by virtue of being both Greek and Irish is necessarily a sympathetic and poetic appreciator. They will see in the Japanese a sort of fairy people come true until they come to the underlying nature, of which all the delicate decorativeness so patent to everyone is but a mask. This study which at first charms with such indubitable power progresses almost imperceptibly to a point whereat there becomes evident a suggestion of repulsion. Mr. Hearn himself, sympathetic though he is at heart, is frightened by the gulf which is fixed between the Japanese and the Caucasian. It is a gulf which cannot be crossed—not even by sympathy. The book intimates, if it does not openly declare, the adamantine invulnerability of Japanese mind and heart to the essential ideas of Western civilization. They shut their minds and hearts to the stranger when, in their conceit, they have opened both so much as may have been of use to them. They have been willing to learn of the stranger in material things, but they will take nothing of the spirit from the West. The polite and affable Japanese is only so on the surface. In his heart of heart he either hates or despises the stranger and all the stranger's ideals. The Japanese has no morals in the Christian sense of the term. The Japanese seeks only for power. He is willing to use Christianity's tools, but not to a Christian end. Japan is still Shinto to the core. It is founded on family. It is governed by the dead even though it have all the implements of modern life in its hands. The Japanese are picturesquely interesting, but inscrutable, and, as even so enthusiastic an admirer as the late Mr. Hearn himself suggests, hostile to the rest of the world. Glowing, generous, appreciative as this book is, written though it be by one who left Christian civilization to take up the life of light and color in Dai Nippon, it is nevertheless a book the total, or perhaps the final, impression of which will be generally found to be one of a revelation of an essential, eternal, metaphysical, physical, spiritual antipathy between the East and the West. At the end you feel that Kipling is right in his dictum "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," but the book is exquisitely written, in an English all its author's own, an English flexible, colorful, nervous, refined and marked with miracles of delicacy in the

pursuit of the windings of the most delicately tenuous thought. It is a finer English even than that with which Mr. Hearn first familiarized us when he gave the world his rendition—no traitor translation either—of Gautier's goldenly luscious minor stories in "One of Cleopatra's Nights."



Boodle in the Senate vs. Folk.

The boodle fight upon Folk as Governor has begun, and Senator Frank Farris, of the thousand dollar bill alum deal, is at the head of it. He met some St. Louis State Senators here a day or two ago. Among the Senators he met were Messrs. Kinealy, Sartorius and Nelson. They agreed first, that to please Ed. Butler and cripple Folk, they would unseat Senator-elect Kinney on a fake contest. Then they agreed that they would favor a bi-partisan election law under officials the appointment of whom would be taken out of the governor's hands. Next they decided that they would stand solidly for a new police law which would give the control of the police into other hands than the Governor's and so fix things that the department could be swung any old way through a deal between St. Louis Democrats and St. Louis Republicans. Finally, upon Senator Farris' assurance that he represented enough other Democratic Senators and a number of Republican Senators to constitute a majority, they determined to hold up or knock down if possible, each and every nomination sent to the Senate by the Governor. They did not decide that they would as Democrats in committee of the whole take the organization of the Senate out of the hands of the Republican Lieutenant Governor, McKinley. That would not chime in well with their plan to block Folk's appointments. The meeting of which Frank Farris was the presiding genius sent word through Farris to the other Senators he claimed to represent that the delegation, after dumping Kinney, would stick for a fight on Governor Folk on every matter upon which they had a voice. This is delicious news, especially as Senator Farris, the leader of the cabal, is still under indictment upon evidence of John A. Lee that he divided the alum spoil, in part, with the said Farris. A fight on Folk in the Senate from such a source and because of the perfectly apparent motive behind it is destined to win—not. And can't you see reputable Republicans tying themselves up under such leadership? "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and that's what's the matter with some of the people who are still "after" the Governor-elect.



Clean-Up at the Capital.

Opium is regularly smuggled in to the criminals in the Missouri penitentiary and someone makes a neat profit on the traffic. But why grow excited about a little thing like that? Let us wait. There's no telling what startling stories will be coming out of Jefferson City shortly. One party has had control of the State offices there since 1872, and when one party has been in power in any one place too long, many and great evils and abuses grow up. There will be a great cleaning out at Jefferson City after January 1st, 1905, and all the records cannot be carried away by the men in the great hegira. The Republicans have been crying for a dozen years for a look into the books, and now they'll get it. They will doubtless find some things over which they will make a great fuss, but with all allowances for the wickedness of human nature, it may be predicted that the men of the new deal will not come upon any startling evidence of gross dishonesty in the administration of the State's affairs. We have heard much from time

to time of Republicans uncovering a cesspool of corruption at Jefferson City, if ever they came into power. Well, they're in power, or will be shortly, and we shall see what we shall see. I don't think the Democrats have been crooked, in the management of State finances, however corrupt the Legislature may have been in the matter of favoring the great corporations "for value received."



Fire Department Runs.

Some persons who never expect to be cut off from escape on the twentieth floor of a skyscraping office building or hotel, are protesting that the Fire Department vehicles are driven too rapidly through the streets. Perhaps there are more than a few protestants, but none of them has as yet experienced a fire in his own home or store. It is all well enough of course to move slowly to the other fellows' fire. This "kick" is of the most groundless ever directed at a public department. There is no great danger attending the passage of the fire apparatus through the streets because most of us are used to it. Occasionally a buggy or car is struck, but if the motor-man would do as much as others to give the Fire Department the right of way, there would be fewer collisions between them. For my part, I think the "trouble wagons" which dash wildly through the busy thoroughfares are far more likely to meet or cause disaster than the Fire Department with its expert reinsman and, in view of the necessity of quick action in case of fire, I shouldn't think it advisable to compel the drivers to go slower.



Frank Farris.

Senator Frank Farris is out before the public with a proposition to curtail the power and patronage of Missouri's Governor. As between Senator Frank Farris, one of the Lee alum-ni, and Governor Joseph W. Folk, nine Missourians out of ten will be "on the side of the angels." If Senator Frank Farris wants to help Governor Folk to greater honors than he has yet known, by all means let Senator Farris make himself as conspicuous as possible in opposition to Folk. And if the Republicans want to down themselves and lose the State back to the Democrats, let them join hands with and accept filibustering aid from Senator Frank Farris. Senator Frank Farris should subside within himself, for a little while at least, and leave the leadership of the Senate of Missouri to some member of that body like Senator-elect Thomas E. Kinney, upon whom there is no taint of alum. If Senator Farris has any real friends in the State, they will rally at Jefferson City immediately upon the convocation of the Legislature and then and there set upon the energetic gentleman from Steelville until such time as he shall have arrived at a proper appreciation of his own position in this commonwealth. Many things have happened since Mr. Farris crucified the booby John A. Lee, but Mr. Farris appears to be oblivious to their real significance. And Frank used to be such a bright, smart boy, too.



To Grab the Intramural.

Not many days ago the House of Delegates defeated a bill providing for a city official commission to preside over the restoration of Forest Park after the Fair. All well and good, but the MIRROR hopes that its readers will keep their eyes open, watching for the outcropping of a scheme by which the United Railways Company, late the St. Louis Transit Company, shall take the Intramural Railway, add it to their own lines and keep it in the park as a part of

their plant. This will destroy the park, but, Lord bless you, what's a small matter like that to the street railway syndicate? When the deal comes up and is pulled off I wonder if the daily papers will not be as sorry that they killed the park restoration bill as they have been ever since they killed the Terminal Association's loop bill for the relief of World's Fair passenger and freight congestion.



To Make Travel Safe.

NONE of the public service corporations are quicker than the railroad companies to heed the requests or just complaints of the public. This is shown by the attitude of the Missouri Pacific Railroad on the safer travel problem. It is but a comparatively short time since the bunch of railroad catastrophes appalled the public, yet the Missouri Pacific, through General Manager Sullivan, has already announced its intention of installing the block signal system on all its lines in the near future. This is a pretty good sign that the system will be generally adopted by the big railroad systems of the West.

What the Missouri Pacific does in such matters, it is safe to say the other roads will do. In fact, railroad officials generally agree that the block system is the best yet devised for the prevention of collisions or wrecks, and the necessity for its adoption has only too frequently been demonstrated of late. Of course it will not do the work of a sleeping engineer, but in all other respects it works perfectly for safe travel.



Pulitzer-Hearst.

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU has been vindicated of the insane accusations made by "Joe" Pulitzer. Parker was Pulitzer's candidate. Pulitzer dominated Parker's campaign from forcing the gold telegram to insinuating that the President was blackmailing the trusts. Pulitzer has been squelched. And Willie Hearst will assist at a reorganization of the Democracy, from which Joseph Pulitzer will be eliminated. Pulitzer nominated Parker to stop Hearst. Hearst knifed Parker to discredit Pulitzer. Both the yellow journalists worked against their will to the greater honor and glory of the man they hated—Roosevelt.

The Wife Without a Smile

A Play in Which a Puppet Predominates

ALL London is laughing, blushing, or scolding over Arthur Wing Pinero's latest play, "The Wife Without a Smile." Also it is going in droves to Wyndham's Theater to see it. The press is divided. Some journals are inclined to look upon the matter as a pretty good joke, and scoff at those who do not find the play exactly nice. Others see some subtle meaning, some message, that the author wishes to convey to the public; and still others unqualifiedly condemn the farce, and print editorials upon maintaining a high moral tone in our theaters. William T. Stead, who has just resumed a theater-going career, after keeping away from play-houses for fifty years, saw "The Wife Without a Smile," and not only smiled, but laughed over it—and continued to laugh after reaching home. But he says he is ashamed of having given way to mirth, and that the play is distinctly bad. And all this fuss is raised over the antics of a mechanical doll, suspended by a string.

I saw the play a few nights ago, (says "Piccadilly," in a London letter to the *Argonaut*), and am convinced that Mr. Pinero is deliberately guying the public. He has not had the success with his serious and really good plays that he deserved, and has evidently made up his mind to give theater-goers, what they want—utter foolishness; and I believe it was more by accident than deliberate intent that the play exceeded utter foolishness, and raised such a storm of comment. Even now, Mr. Pinero asserts that if there is anything offensive about the piece, the public is altogether to blame for being willing to see coarseness where it is not intended. But I have not yet told you what all this fuss is about.

Mr. Rippingill has married a wife who, he thinks, has no sense of humor. He believes this because she refuses to smile at his witticisms and practical jokes—for he is distinctly a humorist, one whose conception of a joke might be putting fireworks under the hearse horses at a funeral. He is in despair because his wife takes such a solemn view of life, and resolves upon a practical joke that shall be a triumph of subtle and delicate foolery.

In the Rippingill house, occupying the floor above the Rippingills, is a young and newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Webbmarsh. This husband is a book-reviewer, but Rippingill suspects that spooning occupies much of his time. So he attaches a cord to the sofa in their room, drops it through a hole in the floor into his own room, and then fastens to it a mechanical doll, so delicately arranged and adjusted that even a kiss wafted from Webbmarsh's finger-tips to his wife will cause the doll to vibrate perceptibly. He feels that he will not only convince himself that the couple above do more love making than reviewing, but will be able, if his wife has the least appreciation of a joke, to break her apathy.

Alas, Mrs. Rippingill continues grave of mien. The doll vibrates, but she does not see anything amusing about that. As though to make her laugh, it dances, but still she is solemn of face. Then the doll, as though in league with Rippingill to break the spell, works harder than ever, and still no laugh—from Mrs. Rippingill; but the audience is divided between guifaws and silent protest.

Well, this sort of thing goes on every time the Webbmarshes go into the room upstairs, and at last people get tired even of it. The Webbmarshes's endearments have ceased to interest the audience. So that the author (anticipating this) again shows his genius by introducing a new incident. The Webbmarshes are seen to pass by the window overlooking the lawn, and, while they are known to be out of doors, the doll begins to kick and jump violently. Rippingill is amazed when he sees it. He calls the butler, who appears in sight, and the following extract from the play then comes off. I quote from memory:

RIPPINGILL—Any one in the room above?

BUTLER—Yes, sir.

RIPPINGILL—Who?

BUTLER—Mrs. Rippingill, sir.

RIPPINGILL (*startled*)—Er—anybody with her?

BUTLER—Yes, sir. (*Rippingill gasps.*)

RIPPINGILL (*staring wildly*)—Er—Who?

BUTLER—Mr. Trood, sir.

Rippingill dashes to foot of stairs and disappears, to reappear in a couple of minutes (during which the doll suddenly stops, and the audience sits in silent suspense), followed by his wife and her old sweetheart, both of whom look awkward and conscious, while the husband marches in like a heroic preserver of conjugal rights. Well, there isn't any more of the play after that—that is to say, of the doll, for it has now grown stale. But the action still goes on. And by it the audience learns that Rippingill has discovered that, through his solicitors' neglect, he actually married his present wife before the decree of divorce from the other was made absolute. So he is not married at all, except to his first wife. He is much cut up at this, and thinks it will be a great shock to his young wife. But she, apparently delighted, bursts out into peals of laughter. At last she has been made to smile—a thing he has been trying to accomplish hitherto unsuccessfully, for the toys and the doll have failed to amuse her. So it is an ill wind, etc. An old friend of Rippingill, who had come to stay and help him to get his wife to smile—a very fat man, named Pullinger, who comes on every now and then in a huge fur motoring-coat and leather mask (a bit of business already done to death on the stage), does the only funny business there is in the play. He talks in a very fat voice, and makes very thin jokes. But now and then he says something that, in ordinary life, would not be said before ladies. Here is one instance: He is telling Mrs. Rippingill of her husband's divorce, and begins by calling the case by its legal title, Rippingill *versus* Rippingill, and (here come the names of three co-respondents). He then stops. Mrs. Rippingill impatiently says, "Go on!" "My dear madam," he replies, holding up his hands, "there are no more. Aren't three enough?" Then follow a lot of farcical situations, at times besmirched with suggestion. Rippingill sleeps in the boat-house on Saturday night—this after three months of marriage—and on Sunday finds his wife has become engaged to Trood.

This would be rather tragic, in a serious play, but Mr. Pinero has chosen to make a farce of it by having Rippingill decide, now that his wife is willing to desert him, to marry Mrs. Lovette, who has helped break the sad news to the wife. But the latter does not relish the idea of Mrs. Lovette taking her place, and comes back to her husband. The whole play ends in a maze of improbabilities—and the audience leaves, nudging, grinning, whispering furtively, or looking stonily disapproving, according to temperament or convictions.

The question is, would this play, without the doll, be a success? Would the public crowd the theater night after night, and engage every seat in the house for many weeks ahead—as it has done—if this doll merely carried the messages that Mr. Rippingill expected? The lines are bright, but not such as will stick in the memory, or be quoted. In short, the play is a frothy, transitory French farce, dealing lightly with the marriage vows, but in such a preposterous way that no offense could be given. The acting is not extraordinary. Dion Boucicault plays Rippingill without any particular distinction. C. M. Lowne acts well the dull Webbmarsh, and Lettice Fairfax is graceful, easy, and pleasing as Mrs. Rippingill. The best one in the cast is Henry Kemble, who, as Pullinger, the busybody friend, causing a tangle, then trying to straighten it out, is really fine, and convulses the audiences by the humor he contrives to inject into his part. Yet all this is not enough to cause a theater to be besieged by people going dotty over their chances of getting seats. From a commercial standpoint, Mr. Pinero is wise in refusing to alter the play in the

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slightest detail. In this he has the censor on his side, for George Redford, who passes upon all plays, says that "The Wife Without a Smile" is perfectly proper and inoffensive. George Bernard Shaw has managed to make himself heard in the matter by saying that, as Mr. Stead denounces the play, he is also denouncing Mr. Redford, the censor, who represents the king—

therefore Mr. Stead should be indicted for high treason.

I don't mind hazarding the opinion that Mr. Pinero, in creating the character of Rippingill, intended to convey his idea of the London public—a body that thinks it knows real humor, but has proved, in this case, that it does not.

both hands—that you might set a microscope above it. I have helped you to know it better than I myself dare know it. * * * Dear, but you may be sure of one thing—that I would try to look pretty in a rage, if I knew you had angered me in the wish to find new beauty. Or good or bad I would be—only to be that which you desire!"

At the Virgin's Altar

A Bundle of Letters and Their Revelation

By Cleaves Mountain

IN one of the letters she read:

"I love you so dearly, so deeply, so madly, that I think hatred stands close beside my love. I hate you because you have taken my heart from my keeping, my thoughts, my dreams, my desires; you have taken from me the power to pray, the right to ask a surer help than strength like yours can ever give. * * * Is it not natural for the vanquished to hate the victor? When a queen is made a slave, what must she feel toward the master, whose lightest word and whim direct the currents of her life—once free, once royal!"

Again she read:

"No, I fear nothing—not publicity—not disgrace—nothing, save the possibility that I may, some day, lose you! The day of parting comes to lovers—the last look, the last touch, the last kiss—the last! And it comes—while they still live. Death does not bring the surest, sorest parting. * * * Do you ever wonder how the good-bye, the long adieu will come to us? I wake at night * * * always the moment I come back from sleep I think of you—rather, you are with me, as my own breath and my heart's beating, are with me, and the hunger, the never-to-be-satisfied longing! * * * Well, then, I face the tragedy, and live it out. * * * I say to myself, 'He is dead.' Darkness is round us both, not, as it has so often been, throbbing with the joy of heart against heart, the rapture of unending kisses, the silence of passion—but darkness, like the shut-in blackness of a tomb. * * * 'He is dead.'"

"I cannot weep. I can only say, 'What matter? There is no to-morrow.' How should I rise to meet life, to walk in the thoroughfares, or set my hand to any task, or my soul to follow any hope? He is dead—the world is dead! * * * If life exist in any world beyond, it is because he is there."

Sometimes the letters were bright like the touch of sunshine or the glow of flowers.

"To-day the dawn awoke me early to tell me some sweet truths—truths as lasting, I believe, as are the fixed, eternal stars. 'You love; you are beloved.' The warm air kissed me. 'Come, it is time to waken and be happy.' Your letter lying above my heart touched me. I could feel it as I moved to fasten up the hair you love to loosen. * * * Were your kisses still hiding in its depths—the sleepy kisses that scarce knew where they fell? Never have I given you yet a sleepy kiss. * * * You keep me too much alive for that! * * * I sang before I left my pillow in the new joy of living. I said: 'Good morning, Day! Good morning, Life! Good morning, World!' Oh, it was sweet to put my foot on the solid earth and think: 'All the pathways lead to him—my lover!'"

"You wonder if I would look pretty in a rage? Never try to find out, though that would be a discovery not hard to make. For love's dear sake, keep guessing—wondering. It delights me that anything is yet left to learn about me. I have not only worn my heart on my sleeve for you—I have held it toward you, with

"Yesterday, before I met you, I went into the cathedral to rest a moment—only for that, and the sweet silence. * * * And as I sat I saw a tall, fair woman, beautifully dressed, come in and kneel at the Virgin's altar (I did not tell you of this). While she was bowed there it somehow seemed as if she held out a hand to me, a hand that beckoned—

"The Virgin's altar!"

"How would it have been with my soul if I had knelt, asking to be guided? * * * You would have pinned no violets against my waist, dear * * * and never again, in all the world, could your lips be pressed to mine."

She did not read all the letters—none other after this one. Her cheek was pale, her eyes still and heavy—yet she placed the letters together, with untrembling fingers. She had asked him to be true, to tell her the whole story, since part of it had reached her ears. Now she said to her own soul:

"I never knew that lies were blessed and tender and kind until I felt the scourge of truth."

In a little while she would hear his latchkey in the street door. It was nearly midnight.

She laid her hand gently on the letters.

"I cannot judge you—let men do that" She spoke half aloud, "You did not know that I was the woman who would take him from you—when I came to kneel, alone, at the altar of my faith. Long afterward, when we met you in the street and you smiled so strangely, greeting my husband, I remembered your dark face and eyes * * * He is my lover now—yes, but I never loved him as you have loved him—to such heights and—depths. Poor soul! I still can pray, and I will ask the dear Virgin to help us—both!"

When her husband entered he saw the heap of letters lying near and her pale cheek resting on the hand that wore his wedding ring. She did not turn to greet him.

He crossed the room softly and sank on his knees beside her. She drew his hand to her bosom. He kissed her cheek, wet with tears.

THE RAGE FOR JEWELS.

The rage for jewels and the extravagantly splendid displays now made by women who delight in such manifestations of wealth are two of the main characteristics of the power dress exercises over women in this luxurious age.

Five million dollars sounds an incredibly huge sum of money to sink in precious stones, but the gem caskets of some rich women represent that value very closely, and it is actually touched in a few notable instances.

Quite moderately wealthy young married women do not consider their catalogue of jewels complete without two or three tiaras, a string of pearls capable of being measured by the yard, a stomacher brilliantly ablaze with gems, a dog collar, and numerous necklets, rings of various colors to match various gems, to say nothing of aigrettes of diamonds, bracelets, brooches, and the little ornaments by the hundred.

One single necklet of pearls—only a string that closely clasps the throat—has been known to cost \$450,000; a tiara swallows up any sum up to \$75,000, and even more, when it contains practically priceless stones; one brooch may easily represent \$2,500, while a stomacher can scarcely cost less than \$3,000. Hence to be bedizened in gems that represent \$500,000 is not a difficult task for the woman who likes a barbaric display and can afford to indulge her whim.

The extravagance this craving for gems leads to is excused by some people on the score that precious stones are a good and sound investment, while the dealers in imitation gems truthfully aver that it fosters their trade.

A quaint fashion from old times is the agrafe of brilliants, an ornament resembling a bow and bands of diamond duplicated many times so as to trim a dress from the decolletage to the hem of the skirt.

The ornaments graduate in size so that at the foot of the dress they are much larger than they are at the waist.

These necessarily are rarely to be seen in real stones, but sets of them are being sought in old French paste, which produces as brilliant an effect as real diamonds, and can scarcely be detected from them by the eyes even of experts.

Ornaments of this calibre are found upon quaint old-world dresses made with the corsage a pointe, and the full,

simple skirt of bygone times. One ordered the other day for a woman whose vogue is the picturesque was made of cloud-gray satin, and was quite untrimmed save for the agrafes and a berthe and elbow flounces of rich old lace.

Juliet nets of diamonds and pearls are so much more beautiful than those of colored stones that they are likely to last longer than the rest of their kind in the favor of the wealthy woman. A new net is made of gold lattice work, fastened where the lattice crosses with rosettes of diamonds, and all round the edge festooned with a glittering fringe of the same precious stones.

Very lovely aigrettes, composed of a pair of diamond leaves, the edges of which meet in the center, are being made purposely to be worn with the Marie Stuart coiffure, which dips in the centre of the brow and causes a semi-conventional ornament of this kind to look unusually charming. The jewelers have been very busy lately inventing new ornaments or fresh ways of wearing old ones. How to make use of very long ropes of pearls, since it became less fashionable than it was a few years ago to wind them round and round the throat, has been a problem to the wealthy possessors of such baubles which has at last been answered.

A string of pearls twisted twice round the throat and then looped in front on the low corsage with fastenings here and there composed of jeweled brooches is, comparatively speaking, an old tale. The latest adaptation of this idea is to festoon the jewels at the back of the corsage as well as in the front, and if the strings are very long indeed the effect produced is of the utmost magnificence. In some cases a complete berthe of splendid gems is provided by means of one long necklace of gems, or two or three worn at the same time.

THE TRUTHFUL FISHERMAN

The late Senator Quay, himself a great fisherman, used to enjoy telling of the tall stories recounted by the West Virginia anglers along the banks of the Cheat River.

One day a stranger from Maryland, in search of sport, asked one of the natives whether there was good fishing in the vicinity.

"None better anywhere," was the reply.

"What kind of fish have you hereabouts?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, most all kinds."

"I hope there are some game-fish to be had," continued the man from Maryland. "Tell me, what was the weight of the largest fish ever caught in this region."

"Well, sir," responded the West Virginian, "we don't never take no weigh-in' machine with us when we fish, so I wouldn't like to say, being an honest man, just how much that last trout of mine did weigh. But, stranger, I don't mind tellin' you that when I pulled that fish out of the water the river went down a foot!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Some of the London papers are poking fun at the new St. Regis Hotel in New York—the establishment where only the

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very rich can afford to look in. One society journal, telling of the magnificence of the new hotel, gives its readers these few tips: "All bills are paid hourly; one patron having a servant who does nothing else but pay bills. One of the beds in the hotel was twice owned by a Czar of Russia. The waiters appear and disappear through trapdoors near the tables. Patrons are shaved by electricity. One family pays £250,000—not dollars—for five rooms for a year. The hotel is perfumed with violet in the morning, geranium at noon and rose at tea time."

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes* of the Supreme Court of the United States says that a certain prolific author whose novels were anything but popular once consulted the elder Holmes. "I am not at all in good health," said the author. "I have thought, Dr. Holmes, that perhaps I write too much for my constitution." "Not for your constitution, my dear fellow," gently replied the genial doctor, but for your reputation."

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KIPLING AND MONTGOMERY

St. Louis, Nov. 12, 1904.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR:

I have frequently noted a striking similarity between the later poems of Rudyard Kipling and the minor "songs and cabinet pieces" of James Montgomery, who, next to Cooper, was considered the greatest of England's poets of devotion. Rufus W. Griswold (additions by R. H. Stoddard) in his "Poets and Poetry of England" denominates Montgomery "more exclusively the poet of devotion than even the bard of Olney."

Of course Kipling's indebtedness to Montgomery consists in anything rather than the religious element. As a matter of fact, the popular Anglo-Saxon bard seems to borrow the hardy strength and Norman simplicity from his Scottish predecessor.

James Montgomery was the oldest son of a Moravian clergyman, and was born at Irvine, in Scotland, on the 4th of November, 1771. He studied for the ministry, later abandoned theology and finally devoted all his time to literature. He was several times imprisoned for his political theories expressed in his poems, on the charge that his sentiments were "obnoxious to the government." It was during his second imprisonment as a result of his printing an offensive article on the Sheffield riot (as editor of *The Iris*,) that he wrote his "Prison Amusements," which if read to-day will reveal to the admirer of Kipling that the latter is a student of Montgomery. "The Wanderer" was very severely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*. Other poems are "The Ocean" (1805); "The West Indies" (1810); "World Before the Flood," (1819); "Greenland" (1822); "Songs of Zion" (1822); "Pelican Island" (1827); and "A Poet's Portfolio" (1835). The latter work contains his short, minor poems, which are most frequently read and the most generally admired. "They have the antique simplicity of George Withers, a natural,

unaffected earnestness, joined to a pure and poetical diction, which will secure *MIR—THREE—Tues — FRIDERICI* to them a permanent place in English literature. The character of his genius is essentially lyrical. His shorter pieces are full of devotion to the Creator, sympathy with the suffering, and a cheerful, hopeful philosophy."

In this brief letter I will omit all other evidences of striking analogy between Montgomery and Kipling to merely indicate the common, marked characteristics existing between the former's strong Anglo-Saxon poem, "The Common Lot," and the latter's latest poetic effusion, "Things and the Man" which recently appeared in the *London Times*. Here are the two poems. Let the reader judge whether "Men and Things" is or is not actually evolved (to say the least) from "The Common Lot":

THE COMMON LOT.

Jas. Montgomery (1771—1854).
Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a Man:—*And who was he?*
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb—
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb,
Or she was fair—but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth, and main,
Erstwhile his portion, life and light
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eve
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—*THERE LIVED A MAN.*

THINGS AND THE MAN.

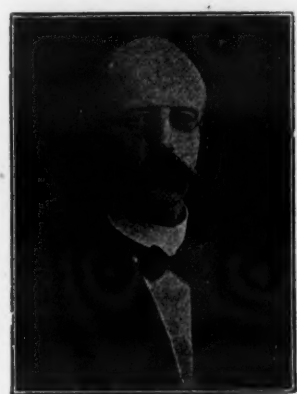
(By Rudyard Kipling.)

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Artistic

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Dr. M. M. Harris.

St. Louis, Mo.
Men's Department, under Supervision of
Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

United States by Rudyard Kipling. Published by courtesy of *Collier's Weekly* which has a special arrangement with Mr. Kipling, by which his new political poems are cabled to this country for publication in *Collier's*, simultaneously with their publication in the *London Times*.

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more."—Genesis xxxvii. 5.
Oh, ye who hold the written clew
To all save all unwritten things,
And half a league behind pursue
The accomplished fact with flouts and flings,
Look, to your knee your baby brings
The oldest tale since earth began,
The answer to your worryings—
Once on a time there was a man.

He single-handed met and threw
Magicians, armies, ogres, kings;
He, lonely mid his doubting crew,
In all the loneliness of wings;
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning teeth of things,
Once on a time there was a man.

The peace of shocked foundations flew
Before his ribald questionings,
He broke the oracles in two
And bared the paltry wires and strings
He headed desert wanderings;
He led his soul, his cause, his clan,
A little from the ruck of things,
Once on a time there was a man.

Thrones, powers, dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings;
The meek historian deems them true,
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings,
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban,
Things never yet created things.
Once on a time there was a man.

A bolt is fallen from the blue,
A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew
Of vast and forborne harvestings;
And unto him an empire clings
That grips the purpose of his plan.
My lords, what think ye of these things?
Once in our time is there a man?

It is here clearly seen that Kipling's "Things and the Man" is unintelligible without the key. That key is "The Common Lot," by Jas. Montgomery.

Sincerely yours,
Harry B. Tierney.

NEW STEAMSHIP TO CUBA.
Commencing November 15th, 1904, the large and modern steamship "Saratoga," of the Munson Steamship Line, will ply between Mobile, Ala., and Havana, Cuba, making the trip in less than 40 hours. Low rates via the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Write Jno. M. Beall, G. P. A., M. & O. Railroad, St. Louis, for full particulars.

Judge & Dolph's Cold Cream

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Our Cold Cream is very largely used by the theatrical profession connoisseurs in toilet preparations.
Large jar, 50c.

AT.....
Judge & Dolph
Drug Co.
515 Olive Street.

DRAMATIC

THE CENTURY.

Ezra Kendall with his own new play, "Weather Beaten Benson," has made a hit with Century theatre patrons. Mr. Kendall takes the part of "Weather Beaten Benson" and he injects into it much that is natural and spontaneous in the line of humor, a rare quality with too many of the so-called comedians. The piece comes here with a high commendation from Boston, where it was presented a few weeks ago and St. Louisans find it all that has been said of it. In fact it approaches closer the legitimate drama than any piece Mr. Kendall has ever appeared in. The principal character, *Benson*, is a mixture of humor and pathos similar to these figures which appealed so strongly to Sol Smith Russell. The play deals with the episodes incident to the opening of the Oklahoma strip. *Benson* is on the scene as a purveyor of beans and potato cake and incidentally a widow is there also upon whom he is inclined to be sweet. A season of dry-weather comes along, however, and threatens to put an end to the bean and cake industry as well as the love affair. But a rainstorm comes to the rescue at the psychological moment and saves the crops and *Benson* from ruin. This rainstorm is reproduced with wonderful realism and adds greatly to the interest in the play. Mr. Kendall is ably supported by William A. Hackett, Harry Hanlon, Thurlow Bergen, Harold Russell, Lotta Linthicum, Ethel Brandon, Edith Taliaferro, Mabel Howard, Rose Norris and Lucile La Verne. Following the Kendall show and commencing Monday night, Nov. 21, "The Two Orphans" will be the attraction at the Century. It is said to be in many

ways a great show. The company that will produce the piece is a select one and includes such well-known actors and actresses as James O'Neill, Louis James, Grace George, J. E. Dodson, Clara Morris, Sarah Truax, Mrs. Le Moyne, Elita Proctor Otis, Jameson Lee Finney.

"BEN HUR."

"Ben Hur," the big production at the Olympic will be here the remainder of this week and all of next and then its engagement will close. The management is not anxious to leave St. Louis, since the show has and is still receiving record-breaking support, but bookings have been made for the piece throughout the South which cannot be canceled. The same company that is now presenting "Ben Hur" will be retained for the road tour and the management expects to reap big profits from the trip.

"A SON OF REST."

Nat M. Wills, without a doubt the inimitable impersonator of the genus hobo, is at the Grand this week and doing immense business with "A Son of Rest," a play which we all know suits Wills and Wills it to perfection. As is to be expected he plays the part of the tramp to perfection and he makes of it a human character with a heart and other vitals. He has to deal with both comic and pathetic situations, and he does his work with a rare finish. Not long ago Mr. Wills was in vaudeville doing a tramp sketch, but he has shown since in "A Son of Rest" that a wider field awaited him. The entertainment furnished at the Grand is consequently all that could be desired. Besides the skit there is a chorus of forty, and good singers to the number of twenty, which lend variety to the attraction. The Wills show will be followed next week, commencing with a Sunday matinee by George Sidney as "Busy Izzy," a fun maker who has few equals.

"HEDDA GABLER."

Thursday afternoon of this week, Miss Blanche Bates will present at the Imperial Theatre Ibsen's play, "Hedda Gabler." She will take the part of Hedda and as it is quite different to that of the amiable *Yo San* with which she has been so long entertaining St. Louis theatre-goers, she will need all the versatility with which she seems possessed to make the role convincing. Assisting her in the production will be Albert Bruening, as *Jorgen Tesman*; Mrs. F. M. Bates, as *Miss Juliana Tesman*; Miss Leslie Preston, as *Mrs. Elvsted*; J. Harry Benrimo, as *Assessor Brack*; Eugene Ormonde, as *Gilbert Lorberg*, and Miss Ruth D. Blake, as *Berta*. This matinee performance it must be remembered, will not in any way interfere with the regular performance of "The Darling of the Gods," which still remains the principal attraction at the Imperial.

AT THE STANDARD.

Rice and Barton's Rose Hill English Folly Company, which opened Sunday night at the Standard, is presenting a strong vaudeville bill in addition to two burlesques, "A Senator for an Hour,"

THE BUCKINGHAM.



King's Highway and West Pine Boulevards, Opposite Forest Park.

This is a cut of The Buckingham. It is absolutely fireproof and the most elaborate and elegantly furnished house in the country. Its patronage is of the highest class. It has a club membership of over 1200 families, residents of both this and foreign countries. These patrons, together with the many guests they have entertained at the Buckingham, have given the house a worldwide and high-caste reputation as the most successful hotel enterprise in St. Louis. The Board of Directors consist of Messrs. W. K. Bixby, Cyrus P. Walbridge, Thomas H. McKittrick, E. B. Pryor, E. W. Banister, W. J. Holbrook and George H. Blackwelder, N. E. Sage, Manager.

The Buckingham having gained exceptional favor among representative

St. Louisans, the house is highly regarded as headquarters for select banquets, breakfasts and dinner parties, and the management will maintain the Buckingham as a strictly high-class hotel. With this view of the business future of the house, the management has made a schedule of rates for families which has no competition in St. Louis, and announces that apartment reservations are now being rapidly made. The elegance of the Buckingham, its admirable location, exclusive surroundings and accessibility to rapid transit lines looping opposite in Forest Park, makes the house the most desirable place to live in the city.

Automobile service to downtown theaters will be maintained at special rates.

and "Knights of the Red Garter." The vaudeville features are headed by Ponge and Leo, acrobatic experts, who will introduce a number of sensational feats; Katherine Rowe Palmer, dancer; Cain and Evans, comedians; Thomas and Wheeler, in a sketch called A Terrible Night; Van Brothers, eccentric musicians, who introduce numerous novelties, and others.

"The Merry Maidens" are engaged for next week.

KIRALFY'S "LOUISIANA."

Kiralfy's big spectacle "Louisiana" runs the remainder of this and all of next week at the Odeon, after which on December 4, the immense company of 3,000 persons which has been presenting the spectacle will disband. The attendance continues large and in fact the piece is holding its own with all other attractions in the city despite its long stay here. There is a fascination in it for the St. Louisan as well as the visitor. It has certainly enjoyed and deserved its share of success, for the management has been untiring in their efforts to improve the performance and to please the public. Their efforts in the summer met with a little disappointment, but since the milder weather set in full houses were the rule instead of the exception.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Monday evening November 28 is the

A New Departure

WATCHES

We have just placed on sale a complete line of watches in sterling silver, gun metal and French enameled cases.

Every Watch absolutely guaranteed for time keeping qualities.

As an introductory price, we quote the following:

Sterling Silver Chatelaine Watches\$2.98 each
Genuine Gun Metal Chatelaine watches\$2.98 each
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All of our watches are covered by the broadest possible guarantee.

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Before you slip the ring on her finger you will need to slip a MacCARTHY-EVANS FROCK SUIT on yourself. That means slipping us \$45, \$55 or \$70.

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COSTUME BALL AND KIRMESS

The Board of Managers of the Martha Parsons Free Hospital for Children held a meeting on Friday morning, October 21st, at the home of the honorary president, Mrs. James B. Green, and arrangements were completed for an entertainment to be held on the evening of November 25th, in the New York State Building at the World's Fair Grounds, which promises to be one of the most brilliant functions of the entire season. It will be a costume ball and kirmess, and no effort will be spared to make it worthy of the distinguished patronage under which it will be given and for the worthy charities which it is hoped will be benefited by it. Mrs. James B. Green has been made Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and will co-operate with Mrs. Dore Lyon, hostess of the New York State Building, who will direct the Kirmess. Twenty-four of the society's most prominent young people will participate in a minuet, in court costume. A Spanish dance will be another attractive feature of the evening, interpreted by twenty-four of the charming young debutantes of St. Louis. There will also be a Grecian dance of twenty of the most beautiful young girls connected with the Fair. Many other interesting features will be added to make the occasion noteworthy. It seems most fitting that St. Louis and New York should join, in the latter days of the Fair, to produce not only a brilliant entertainment, but to convert an evening's pleasure into a means whereby material assistance and benefit may accrue to St. Louis and New York philanthropies.

Subscription cards will be five dollars each, to include supper, and can only be obtained from the patronesses. The list of patronesses is not completed as yet, but it is expected that every woman of social prominence in St. Louis and at the World's Fair will be upon it. Among those who have already signified their willingness to act as patronesses are Mrs. David R. Francis, Mrs. Daniel Manning, Mrs. Rolla Wells, Mrs. Daniel Houser, Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, Mrs. James B. Green,

Mrs. Dore Lyon, Mrs. George Warren Brown, Mrs. Alexander Cochran, Mrs. Joseph D. Bascom, Mrs. James G. Butler, Mrs. Joseph Dickson, Mrs. H. N. Davis, Mrs. Edward Goltra, Mrs. William Bagnell, Mrs. James B. M. Kehlor, Mrs. Mitchell Scott, Mrs. Francis A. Lane, Mrs. T. G. Meier, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Paul Brown, Mrs. Peyton Carr, Mrs. Festus Wade, Mrs. Harrison Drummond, Mrs. J. Dickson Walsh, Mrs. Charles McClure Clark, Mrs. Lon V. Stephens, Mrs. John Scullin, Mrs. George Von Schrader, Mrs. Edward Pretorius, Mrs. John L. Green, Mrs. J. V. S. Barrett, Mrs. Lewis Nelson, Mrs. Charles Todd Clark, Mrs. Eugene R. Cuendet, Mrs. E. G. Cowdery, Mrs. John O'Fallon Delany, Mrs. Winfield Chaplin, Mrs. James Hagerman, Mrs. Dwight Tredway, Mrs. Stanley Stoner, Mrs. Howard Blossom, Miss Annie Lewis, Miss Jessie Wright, Mrs. E. S. Brooks, Mrs. Gouverneur Calhoun, Mrs. Charles Parsons Pettus, Mrs. Charles Espenschied, Mrs. Paul Y. Tupper, Mrs. H. N. Spencer, Mrs. T. W. McCorkell, Mrs. Edmund A. Manny, Mrs. Leonard Matthews, Mrs. Jacob Friedman, Mrs. Joseph Chambers, Mrs. Vincent Keren, Mrs. Walter Duke Thompson, Mrs. Henry Bond, Mrs. C. H. Huttig, Mrs. F. N. Judson, Mrs. L. H. Laidly, Mrs. August Frank, Mrs. Thomas Carter, Mrs. J. A. Ockerson, Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly, Mrs. John B. Slaughter, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. Parks Fisher, Mrs. Leafie Sloan Orcutt, Mrs. Frederick A. Betts, Mrs. Laurence Grahame, Mrs. Selwyn C. Edgar, Mrs. Perry Francis, Mrs. Kate Howard, Mrs. C. T. Maffitt, Mrs. Finis Marshall, Mrs. Seth Cobb, Mrs. Geo. Miltenberger, Mrs. M. S. Snow, Mrs. Virginia Price, Mrs. Oliver Garrison, Mrs. Horace Rumsey, Mrs. W. D. Orthwein, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. Geo. M. Shields, Mrs. M. Rumsey, Mrs. Geo. W. Parker, Mrs. Florence McIntyre, Mrs. Percy Werner, Mrs. John Carroll, Mrs. Francis Wood, Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison, Mrs. Buchwalter, Miss Anna Daws, Mrs. Mary Montgomery, Mrs. Finis Ernest, Mrs. Rolla Billingsly, Mrs. Charles Bunton, Mrs. B. S. Hobart, Mme. Albertini, Mrs. Bert Walker, Mrs. Clarkson Carpenter, Mrs. Wheeler Bond, Mrs. Duncan Joy, Mrs. Goodman King, Mrs. Theo. Meyer, Mrs. Alfred Bradford, Mrs. J. B. C. Lucas, Mrs. F. N. Judson, Countess Spottiswood Mackin, Mrs. Harrison Steadman, Mrs. James Drummond, Mrs. Mary Shepley, Mrs. Arthur Shepley, Mrs. Thos. Niedringhaus, Mrs. David R. Calhoun, Mrs. C. H. Semple, Mrs. Edward Faust, Mrs. Douglas Cook, Mrs. Geo. M. Wright, Mrs. Joel Wood, Mrs. Oscar Johnson, Mrs. W. C. Stribling, Mrs. Otto Forster, Mrs. Warwick Hough, Mrs. Edgar Lackland, Mrs. Daniel Catlin, Mrs. Joseph Gilman Miller, Mrs. Adolphus Busch, Mrs. John W. Harrison, Mrs. Norman E. Mack, Mrs. Jack Geraghty, Mrs. Daniel C. Nugent, Mrs. Walter Douglas, Mrs. A. B. Hart, Mrs. B. Eiseman, Mrs. Paul Bakewell, Mrs. Jas. W. Byrnes, Mrs. J. W. Allison, Mrs. Russell Gardner, Mrs. Byron Nugent, Mrs. Shepard Barclay, Mrs. G. A. Castleman, Mrs. Stacey Rankin.

Miss U'Lela Garvin has returned

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Cash Buyers are welcome too, and we have an equally attractive offer for them, as follows: Pay cash for any Diamond, and we will give you a written agreement to take it back at anytime within one year, and give you spot cash for all you paid—less ten per cent. You might for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for the entire year, less than ten cents weekly. No other house makes this offer.

Competition. Our goods, prices, terms and methods have just finished a seven month's competition with the entire world at the St. Louis Universal Exposition, and we have been awarded the **Gold Medal.** No stronger endorsement of the Loftis System could be given; in no other way could our leading position in the Diamond and Jewellery trade be so strongly emphasized.

Our Christmas Catalogue is ready and will be sent postpaid on request. Write for it today. Do not make a selection for Christmas until you receive it, for it will be your reliable guide to the best goods, lowest prices, easiest terms and fair and courteous treatment.

Don't Wait until the Christmas rush is on, for while we have the best facilities in the world for handling an enormous amount of business expeditiously and satisfactorily, they are taxed to the utmost at Christmas time. We want to give you the best possible attention, and we can do it now.

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from Europe, where she has been for the past year studying voice under the celebrated Italian master Luigi Vannucini of Florence, Italy. Her sister Miss Gertrude Garvin, who accompanied her in her European visit, has also returned.

Voater—Roosevelt and Folk are great runners. They must have had a wind shield last Tuesday.

Bloater—I don't know about the President, but the new Governor, I'll bet wore a pair of Swope shoes when he made his race. Swope's store is at 311 N. Broadway, and it too is a winner.

Representative Cooper of Texas tells a story about General Sam Houston of his state and a practicing physician who did not like the old general, being strenuously opposed to him politically. One day, after a heated political discussion, the physician said: "General, I like you well enough socially, but politically I would not believe you on oath." "I would believe you, doctor," was the quiet reply of the general. "Then, sir," vehemently exclaimed the

doctor, "you have a much better opinion of me than I have of you." "Not a better opinion, doctor, but I simply have a little more politeness than you have."

At the close of a busy day, the campaign chairman sat at his desk. He was very tired.

There came a knock upon the door. "Come in," called the chairman, and a spare, elderly gentleman entered.

"Sir," said he, "I have never before contributed to any campaign, but I feel irresistibly impelled to contribute to this one. I have not much, but such as I have I give freely. Take these \$4.57 and use them to the best advantage."

"Thank you, sir," murmured the chairman, "and what name, please?" "Russell Sage."

Here, with a terrified shriek, the chairman awoke.

Through sleeping cars to Denver, via Union Pacific. Tickets and reservations at 903 Olive street.

NEW BOOKS

"A QUINTETTE OF GRAYCOATS."

Mrs. Effie Bignall, who has already earned fame as a writer of stories about animals and their traits, has produced her third book, and one which all lovers of animals and pets will no doubt read with interest. It is the story of "A Quintette of Graycoats," and it bears a sympathetic touch which would kindle the humane spark in any breast. The graycoats in question were none other than five adopted squirrels, which lived in the author's grove, dined with her and helped her while away many pleasant hours. In addition to revealing what can be accomplished by kind treatment of animals, wild or otherwise, there is merit in the story because of its telling. All of us know too little about the little denizens of wood and thicket, and authors like Mrs. Bignall are doing much to encourage their study and protection. The book is from the press of Baker and Taylor Company of New York. Its net price is \$1.00. Other animal stories of which Mrs. Bignall is the author, are "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny" and "My Woodland Intimates."



"SAMANTHA AT THE EXPOSITION."

"Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition" by Marietta Holley, is a mixture of pathos, wit, eloquence and common sense, involving the visit of plain, honest-hearted country people to the World's Fair, and the narration of their experiences with prominent people and other more or less mirth-provoking adventures. There is much in the story that will appeal to those who have knowledge of the *Josiah Allens* of this country, and the various other interesting characters it introduces. The volume is from the press of the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. The price per copy is \$1.50.



A NEW BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

"The Pearl and the Pumpkin" is the latest story for children from the pens of Paul West and W. W. Denslow, who have scored a wide reputation in this line of literary endeavor. "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Scarecrow and the

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YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
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EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

Tin Man," their first work, met with such success that the little folks were on the *qui vive* for further wonder tales. Now that "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" has made its appearance there will be real joy in the nursery. The latest story in many respects surpasses its predecessors. There are many queer and interesting characters and all are original. The illustrations by W. W. Denslow are clearly executed, and on the whole this child's story is a first class piece of book publishing. It is from the press of G. W. Dillingham Company of New York. The price per copy is \$1.25.



"THE MOON PARTY."

"The Moon Party" by Ollie Hurd Bragdon is an interesting fairy tale for children, neatly printed and bound by the H. M. Caldwell Company's press of Boston and New York. It is appropriately illustrated by Beatrice Baxter Ruyl. The story deals with *Maisie Brown's* acquaintance with cloudland fairies and elves and tells of her visit to them. Her adventures with the tots of the sky, their trip to see old grand dad in the moon and Mother Diana, his wife, are full of interest to wondering youngsters here below. The price of the volume is 75 cents.



MRS. ORTHWEIN'S POEMS.

A unique and artistic holiday gift-book is the meritorious volume of poems of which Mrs. C. C. Orthwein is the author. Both Kansas City, the author's

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A sincere attempt to depict the life, times and teachings, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows. * * * * *
* * * Printed on Hand-made Paper, from a new font of Roman type. Special initials and ornaments. One hundred and fifty pages. A very beautiful book, bound solidly, yet simply, in limp leather, silk lined * * * * *

Price Per Volume \$2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS,

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A PRESS COMMENT.

If Elbert Hubbard's name lives in literature, it will not be on account of his exquisite *Philistine* fooling; nor yet because of that interesting trifle, *A Message to Garcia*. But it will be on account of this book, *THE MAN OF SORROWS*. Here is a limpid, lucid tale of a man's life as the author sees it—told as if it had never been told before—told without preaching; in language full of sympathy, tenderness and strong, quiet reserve. The book is an unconscious bid for immortality.—*Denver Post*.

home, and St. Louis, where she is widely known, feel honored by her successful work. It is in reality a volume of love songs under the title "Petals of Love for Thee." The illustrations are an important feature of the book and are thoroughly in keeping with the author's sentiment. They are all in color with floral motive—pink roses in sprays, wreaths and garlands, heliotrope, pansies and violets; purple grapes, lilies and far away vistas of clouds and mountains. They are all produced from water-color sketches by W. H. Culbertson. The story of the author's consuming love of flowers in their beauty, and in fact all the earth's blossoming and budding beauties is tenderly told in the verses with much skill in expression. The following, indited to "The Pansy," will serve as an example: A golden yellow, borrowed from the sun;

A violet's purple kiss of color won;
Rich brown, bestowed where autumn
leaves caressed;
Love's whiteness, caught from a sweet
maiden's breast;
And over all the glow of heaven's
blue—
And lo! the Flower of Thought is born
for you.

The work will have quite a vogue beyond the extensive acquaintance of the author both because of its artistic appearance and the quality of the poetry, some of which is good, indeed. And lovers of flowers surely will not miss the opportunity. The book is from the press of the Dodge Publishing Company of New York. Its price in cloth binding is \$2; in leather \$3.50 per copy.

"THE GEORGIANS."

Those to whom *David Harum* appealed as a true type of the witty and wise New England Yankee, will no doubt read with equal gusto, the philosophy and humorous sayings of *Uncle Abner*, the principal character in Will N. Harben's popular tale, "The Georgians." *Uncle Abner* is as true an American character as *David Harum*. He is one of the kind who can conceal

their own hurts while doctoring those of others. His quaint, practical and philosophic speeches, through which runs a vein rich of humor, are both helpful and pleasing to the reader. *Abner's* battle in behalf of a condemned criminal, against *Pastor Smith* and his part in effecting a reconciliation between young lovers, are the strong features of the story. There is other clear character drawing in the work, but all are secondary to the principal character. "The Georgians" is from the press of Harper and Brothers, and no doubt it will have quite a successful run.

John Lane, the New York publisher, has just published a drama in verse by Dr. Richard Garnett entitled "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher." The scene is at Stratford-on-Avon and the neighborhood and the time is set in 1585, in March, 1585, to be exact. The action concerns itself with Shakespeare's traditional exploits in deer stealing. Sir Thomas Lucy sets a snare for him, into which he falls neither unconsciously nor altogether unwillingly, arranging the escapade with his scholars in celebration of his proposed departure for London, whither he has already dispatched the manuscript of a play to "Master Field." This play, as he tells his fretful wife, is called "The Taming of a Shrew," (the title of an earlier play on which the Shakespearean comedy was founded) and the material for which, as he has the assurance to explain, he had collected in the course of his marital experience. His careless frolic, the animus of the magistrate, whom he threatens at the trial with ten thousand spirits ready to seize him and set him

"Bemocked upon the public stage
Stuff for the humorous world's derision,"

the cross purposes of Ann Shakespeare and Lady Lucy and the intercession of the Earl of Leicester at the close effect the poet's release from "waspishness and indocility" of Stratford to the opportunities of "prodigious London." The blank verse is full of borrowings from the plays and hints of the storms of later criticism. The price of the volume is \$1.25.

In "A Kittiwake of the Great Kills," a volume of short animal stories, Charles Frederick Stansbury writes entertainingly about various feathered and furred creatures he has known and observed. These stories have the advantage over many "animal" books of the day in that they do not ascribe impossible attributes or reasoning powers to their subjects, nor are the latter represented as acting with human impulses and from human motives. The birds and four-footed animals are written about from that most interesting point of view, their relations to mankind, but they are not the weird creatures of a fanciful writer's imagination, like Kipling's "Jungle Folk," or the "Wild Animals I Have Dreamed About."

Mr. Stansbury knows and loves the little brothers of the air, woods, and water, and while his stories are not didactic, they teach a constant lesson of

the need for kindness and sympathy with all that lives and suffers. Anyone (and this means almost everyone) who has ever had a pet bird or animal will read these stories with sincere pleasure.

The book is published by the Grafton Press, and is handsomely illustrated by Joseph Gleeson, R. F. Outcalt, G. E. Senseny and other eminent artists.

Many a neat little custom has been

developed by the proverbial politeness of the Japanese. One of the best is the manner in which a hostess gets rid of an unwelcome guest. She does not hint that the time is about up for his stay or that she is going visiting soon, but sets to work preparing a dainty luncheon, which she packs in a little box, ties up with ribbon and paper, and hands to the guest some morning. It isn't an insult, either, it's just a hint, and one that is always taken.

W. B. CORSETS.

Special Display of This Popular Make.

The W. B. Corsets have reached the topmost point of favoritism, and have won it merely through their merits as practical and serviceable garments.

They are perfect fitting, durable and comfortable, as well as correct in style.

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At \$1.00—Style 919—For full figures.

At \$1.50—Style 957—Coutill for medium full figure, double jarratielles.

At \$2.00—Style 958—Coutill, "venus" cut, double jarratielles attached.

At \$2.50—Style 964—Coutill for full figures, stoutly boned.

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Every Club Wine Merchant, Hotel & Restaurant
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EVERY CORK
BRANDED.



Never before IN THE
HISTORY
OF CHAMPAGNE HAS SUCH
A SUPERB QUALITY OF
WINE BEEN OFFERED.

A Great Revelation FOR
EVERY LOVER OF A SPARKLING
WINE IN THIS LATEST VINTAGE.

Moët & Chandon
WHITE SEAL

MUCH DRYER THAN MOST SO CALLED BRUT CHAMPAGNES.

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Keep the breath sweet, the lips,
tongue, palate, and all parts of
the mouth in perfect health by
using daily, as a mouth wash,

**POND'S
EXTRACT**

Hardens the gums and prevents their
bleeding, cures canker spots and sore
mouth, removes bad taste; also
hoarseness and sore throat.

For every toilet use nothing equals,
in tonic freshness, Pond's Extract.
Its purity makes it as valuable
internally as externally.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper
Accept no Substitute

JAPANESE ENGLISH

The following extract from a business letter received by a prominent business house from Japanese correspondents, modified by changes of names, etc., is an interesting exhibit of the national spirit, as well as of the untroubled disposition of the islanders in tackling the idiosyncracies of our language:

Yokohama, July 30, 1904.

Messrs. Blank & Co., Chicago—Dear Sirs: It is with the deepest regret to inform you that our goods shipped by you on the 29th April ex SS. United States, have sunk with the steamer in the sea near our country by the Russian War Ship, of which loss we have handed our claim note to the Insurance Co. at here.

We see such a poor fleet as refuses to get into their honorable fighting and always run away with their extreme speed as soon as our navy appears before their sight, now comes out to our guardless side and intended to perform their barbarous transactions in preventing our trade with your country, at the same time to get an opportunity of taking their practice as a Pirate. This is their only object indeed, but nothing else, which render no effect against our fighting influence directly, but only a present commerce. We can be patient enough for such a tyrant fleet just a little while, as we can foresee how a keen punishment should be given to them in the near future unavoidable by our Navy. Still we must feel very sorry for Universal Commerce, especially for your country's, as to a great prevent. We hope and expect that these pirate will be washed off in short future.

Yours faithfully,

A. & Co.

Doubtless we would do much worse with Japanese.—Life.



ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE

Going to the World's Fair or to the theatre, going traveling or going home, for yourself or a present for a friend, did you ever think what it is that to nine persons out of ten is acceptable? You haven't. Well, it is a box of candy; not plain every day candy that you can buy any old place, but a box from Huyler's store, No. 7166 Olive St. There is nothing in the candy line that surpasses Huyler's. The top of the box is always overlaid with the sweetest, daintiest and purest of sweetmeats and goodies, but at the middle and bottom there is no difference in the quality. In fact Huyler's candy boxes are chock full of delicious morsels, good for old persons and better for the younger ones. The stock is never stale. They never resort to overproduction. "Goodness, freshness and purity," is the motto of Huyler's. It is one of the best-managed and busiest candy-stores in the country. It is one of the best paying of the many Huyler agencies. Manager Vincent L. Niver, who has charge of the St. Louis house, has been with Huyler since a boy. He rose from the rank of messenger. What he does not know of good candy isn't worth knowing, and he likewise knows the public's wants. At Huyler's candies are packed

and sent everywhere by mail or express. You can order by mail or phone. And if you are on the lookout for Thanksgiving novelties and goods, know that Huyler's is the place where the assortment is endless. And don't forget Huyler's chocolate creams! They are the acme of the candy maker's art. Melt in your mouth!



ALPS STILL AN ATTRACTION

While the World's Fair is drawing near its end the Tyrolean Alps continues doing a business which compares favorably with that done in the earlier months of the Exposition. People are flocking to the Alps just the same as ever. The music is a great attraction. Everybody is anxious to see Karl Komzak or Max Bendix directing the large orchestra and the programmes they arrange are generally received with enthusiasm. The Alpine chute, down which the people slide, is also popular with the visitors. A crowd may be seen at this point all the time and both young and old, men and women, find pleasure and exercise in the novelty. The scenic railway gets its share of patronage also. The ride through and around the Alpine exhibit has much to recommend it. It is both safe and interesting. If you take in the Fair don't forget to visit the Alps. It is the place on the grounds to get your money's worth.



SCHOOL BOOKS.

A complete stock of all school and text books in use in
Public schools.
High school.
Mary Institute.
Smith Academy.
Manual Training.
St. Louis University.
St. Vincent's Seminary.
Washington University,
and other schools.

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive street.



Clara—Did you lose your presence of mind when he attempted to kiss you?
Maud—Yes, for a moment. Why, I nearly told him to stop.—New Yorker.

Scarritt-Comstock

For **TURKEY DAY** Get a **NEW DINING SUIT.**

150 BEAUTIFUL STYLES; BEST QUALITY, EVERYTHING IN FURNITURE—PRICES RIGHT—GOODS RIGHT.

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Our Salesrooms and all Facilities Improved.
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OUR STOCK NEW AND INVITING.

FOR THE LIBRARY Get a GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASE.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

Coal Up== Gas Down



From the report of Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor, Washington, D. C., soft coal has advanced in price since 1890 43.9 per cent!

During the same period, fuel gas has gone down in St. Louis 33 per cent.

What could speak more strongly for the use of gas Grates these Autumn days?

The Laclede Gas Light Co.
716 LOCUST STREET.

IMPERIAL First-Class Polite
Cool as the Ocean
Nightly at 8—Sat. Mat. at 2.
David Belasco Presents **BLANCHE BATES**
IN
"The Darling of the Gods"
Prices 25c to \$1.50. 50c Good Seat 50c.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
Klaw & Erlanger Co's.
(INCOR.)
GEN. LEW. WALLACE'S
BEN HUR
Regular Matinee Sat.

NEXT MONDAY.
No Sunday Ben Hur Performances.
LAST WEEK OF
BEN HUR
Seats on Sale Thursday

... CENTURY ...

THIS WEEK,
Lieber & Co's. Presentation of
Weather Beaten Benson,
WITH
EZRA KENDALL
Matinees, Sat. and Sun.
Afternoons, Nov. 20th.

NEXT MONDAY.
Lieber & Co's
All-Star Cast in the
Great Revival of
The TWO ORPHANS
Reserved Seats Thursday

GRAND

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—25c and 50c.
Night Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
NAT M. WILLS And His
Clever Company of 60
The Brightest of All
Musical Farces, **A Son of Rest.**
Next Sun. Mat.—George Sidney, "Busy Izzy."

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Follies Daily.
THIS WEEK,
RICE & BARTON'S
ROSE HILL
ENGLISH FOLLY
COMPANY.
NEXT WEEK,
Merry
Maidens

Big Four Route

—AND—

ERIE R. R.

Three Fast Trains

—TO—

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LAKE CHAUTAUQUA,
BUFFALO,
NEW YORK,
BOSTON.**

TICKET OFFICES: Broadway and Chestnut
Union Station, World's Fair Grounds.

THE TEN-YEAR MARRIAGE

I—AT A SUBURBAN BREAKFAST-TABLE.

Wife—Don't let your fish get cold, dearest. You can read the paper in the train, you know.

Husband—All right, dear. I wonder whether anything will come of all this correspondence about marriage.

Wife—Oh, are they still going on with that? Of course, nothing will come of it.

Husband—I'm not so sure. May I have some more coffee, darling?

Wife—Pass up your father's cup, Madge. I think the whole thing's too ridiculous for words. Just as though any woman would consent to be married for seven or ten years, and then be left to look after herself.

Husband—You don't quite understand the matter, dearest. The husband, you see, would make some provision for the wife and the children.

The Mosher Books SEASON OF MDCCCIV

THE OLD WORLD SERIES 35 Volumes.

THE OLD WORLD SERIES is in format a narrow F cap 8vo. (4x7), printed from 8-point old-style Roman type on a size of Van Gelder paper made for this edition only. Specially designed head-bands and tail-pieces are also used, and the regular edition done up in decorated flexible Japan vellum covers, —originated by Mr. Mosher—with silk markers, parchment wrappers, gold seals and slide cases, offers to-day, as from the starting of this series, an ideal volume for the private library or for presentation purposes.

Bound in the Following Styles: Japan vellum covers, flexible, with turned-in fore-edges, \$1.00 net. Olstyle blue paper boards, white back and label, \$1.25 net. Flexible leather, smooth, dark olive colour, gilt tops, \$1.50 net. (Offered this season for the first time, in response to many requests for something more durable than the regular Japan vellum binding.)

There is Also Issued: Japan vellum edition (100 numbered copies only) \$2.50 net.

THE BROCADE SERIES 46 Volumes.

THE BROCADE SERIES is printed in small, 16mo (3¼x5¼), from new type on genuine Imperial Mills Japan vellum, especially imported by Mr. Mosher. This is a feature that still makes The Brocade Series the only successful attempt at issuing little editions de luxe at a price so moderate as to almost cause incredulity.

Each Edition is as Follows: 425 copies on Japan vellum, done up in flexible covers, with sealed parchment wrappers and brocade slide case. All volumes sold separately. Price, 75 cents net.

THE LYRIC GARLAND 6 Volumes.

THESE beautiful little books are in small octavo (4¼x7), printed from 10-point Caslon old-style type, with Chiswick ornaments, bound in antique gray paper boards, white labels, and in slide case.

Each Edition is as Follows: 950 copies on Van Gelder hand-made paper, price 50 cents net. 100 copies on Japan vellum (of the first edition only), \$1.00 net.

VEST POCKET SERIES 8 Volumes.

PRINTED on Van Gelder hand-made paper of special size, the type set in old-style 8-point Roman (5¼x2¼ page), with Chiswick ornaments and original cover designs—a series that is simply unique.

Bound in the Following Styles: Blue paper wrappers, \$0.25 net; limp cloth, \$0.40 net; flexible leather, gilt top, \$0.75 net; Japan vellum edition, \$1.00 net.

A complete descriptive Catalogue of
The Mosher Books sent free on request

Thomas B. Mosher,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Wife—I should think he would, indeed! Besides, how could the wife be certain of that?

Husband—Well, the law would insist on it.

Wife—And suppose the separation broke the woman's heart? Would the law mend it?

Husband—The separation, I suppose, would be by mutual consent as far as possible. In any case, hearts—

Wife—Rubbish! If the man wanted to go, he'd just go. The whole arrangement would be for the benefit of the man. Trust him to take care of that! You've spilt something on your pinafore, Madge, dear.

Husband—I'd no idea you felt so strongly about it. You ought to write to the paper and put the matter from the point of view of the wife.

Wife—We won't discuss the question any further, if you don't mind. It's hardly an edifying conversation for Madge, especially when her father makes it so evident that— (Rises abruptly.)

Husband—What's the matter, darling? Don't be silly. I was only joking. (Rises.)

Wife—You've only got ten minutes to get to the station. Get your father's hat and coat, Madge.

Husband—I shan't go till you say you forgive me.

Wife—Of course, I do, you dear old boy. (They kiss.)

II—IN A MEN'S CLUB.

Young Bachelor—I must say, I think that when a man marries a woman he ought to be prepared to live with her all his life.

Old Bachelor—Quite right. Serves him right for being such a fool as to marry her.

Young Bachelor—Oh, I don't mean that. I don't look at marriage from the cynic's point of view.

Old Bachelor—That means you're in love, I suppose. Every young man is either head over heels in love or a misogynist.

Young Bachelor—As long as I don't develop into a crusty, selfish old beast like you—

Married Man—Now then, what are you two fellows quarreling about?

Old Bachelor—We're not quarreling. We're merely congratulating ourselves and pitying you.

Young Bachelor—We were discussing George Meredith's views on marriage.

Married Man—But neither of you know anything whatever about the subject.

Old Bachelor—Don't we, though! You forget, my dear friend, that on-lookers see most of the game. In my opinion, no married man should be allowed a voice in this discussion at all. He's sure to be prejudiced. If he signs his letter in the paper, he defends matrimony; if he doesn't sign it, no expression of condemnation is too strong for him. Bah!

Married Man—The amount of heat that you display makes me suspicious. I believe that, if you could have your time over again, you'd get married like a shot.

Young Bachelor—So do I.

Old Bachelor—You're a couple of

fools. What d' you want to come disturbing me just after my lunch for? I might as well be a married man with a large family.

Married Man—Well, I'll leave you to your cigar and your indigestion. Personally, I haven't time for such luxuries.

Old Bachelor—There he goes, boy. Take warning!

Young Bachelor—By you?—Keble Howard in London Daily Mail.

THRIFTY FRENCH HOUSEWIVES

A study of French fashion plates and the sight of smart Frenchwomen in the streets of Paris or in the casinos of Normandy watering places leads one to imagine that the "gay Parisienne" is constantly changing her gowns and throwing money about recklessly. From these lavish ideas it is almost chilling to study the reality as set forth by that well-informed authority, Miss Betham-Edwards, in the pages of *Cornhill*. Miss Betham-Edwards, to whom has been allotted the task of expounding how the household budgets in France are distributed does not, it is true, consider the expenditure of the very wealthy. She gives details of the distribution of many small incomes, but her maximum is \$2,000 a year.

And \$2,000 a year cannot be expected to go very far anywhere, and certainly not in Paris, where she places this particular family group. Her specimen party consists of the parents, two children of school age and one servant. These people pay \$300 in rent, \$36 in direct taxes and their food and wine bill for the year comes to \$730. The general servant gets \$84 in wages, schooling costs \$160, \$300 covers the dress bill for the family, the wife not spending more than \$50 on her own apparel, and lights and firing come to \$120. A balance of \$270 is left to pay for the doctor, traveling, amusements and pocket money. Altogether it is rather a tight fit, and, according to Miss Betham-Edwards, food is really very dear.

One great merit of French food is that the bread is so tempting. As the writer points out, hors d'œuvre, which seems to us an extravagance, is really an economy, inasmuch as it tempts the consumer to eat a good deal of bread before he begins upon the more costly joint. Then, again, the extravagance of dress is somewhat of a deception, as any one may know who has paid a middle class Frenchwoman a surprise visit. She is rarely habillee in the French sense except when she is going out. When she is indoors she lapses into a state of wrapperdom, and the wrapper, if it is to look attractive, needs to be very fresh indeed. The average Frenchwoman entertains a great respect for good clothes, and preserves them with the utmost care. It is probably chiefly the women belonging to financial and theatrical circles, together with excessively wealthy Americans, who purchase beautiful gowns and millinery, only to throw aside almost at once the work of infinite skill and labor. Miss Betham-Edwards also points out that nearly every French married woman contrives to add something to the income of her own earning, and that to do this she invents numberless little industries which she can carry on at home.

“What did you do while you were away on your vacation?”

“Sat around while my wife was dressing for meals most of the time.”



WIDELY
IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED
THE GENUINE

**Murray & Lanman's
Florida Water**

The Perfume of Perfumes.
REFRESHING, DELIGHTFUL.
Without exception the best
Toilet Water in the World.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

NEW NAMES AND OLD

It seems odd to find, among society items and fashionable news from London, the gravely offered information that "jewel names are having great vogue at present in high life." The baby daughters of an English peer have just been christened Pearl and Ruby; another new baby of ancient lineage has received the name of Diamond; Beryl, a name which has been gaining in favor for several years past, is liberally bestowed at fashionable christenings, and the early rise of Jacinth is expected. Sapphire is not yet announced—probably a reminiscent suggestion of Ananias and Sapphira detracts from its charms. It is hinted that the new fashion may be expected to cross the Atlantic before long.

If it does, it will not be new. "Jewel names" have long been known in America, although never frequent, unless perhaps among our colored and aspiring laundress in a New England town whose eldest black and beaming little pigtailed picaninny bore the astonishing cognomen of Chrysoprase Christina, her second that of Esmeralda Adeline, and her third Amethyst Amelia, while when the twins came along they were promptly named Pearl and Pearline.

The rise and fall of names in public favor really affords an interesting study. Some sixty or seventy-five years ago, when Mary Lamb wrote her well-known verses on "Choosing a Name," she could say:

Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books.
Ellen's left off long ago—
Blanche is out of fashion now.

To-day Ellen and Blanche have both regained their place, while it is strange to think that the popular Edith ever seemed too quaint for everyday life. But this same suspicion of too great a flavor of antiquity and romance long kept two other old English names, Arthur and Ethel, very rare indeed, until they came into favor, the one in honor of a great soldier, Arthur, Duke of Wellington; the other, which in its early use was as much a man's name as a woman's, after Ethel Newcome, the favorite heroine of a great novelist, Thackeray.

It is well to have a good variety of names from which to choose, but new names which succeed are rare indeed. Most new ones are old ones returned to fashion; names whose good qualities have already in the past made them first accepted, then popular, then common; until young mothers, whose babies, of course, are always uncommon and wonderful infants, began to turn aside to find more uncommon names for them. For those of us who bear the "common" names there remains always the consolation that they are good. What woman's name is more beautiful than Mary; what man's name more sturdy, strong and confidence-commanding than plain John?



LAUGHLIN AND HIS PLACE

Mr. N. D. Laughlin, formerly manager of the Missouri Athletic Club and other similar organizations in Chicago, has a reputation as a caterer which few men in his business possess. In his brief connection with the exclusive Missouri Athletic Club in the Boatmen's Bank Building he performed wonders both in perfecting the cuisine and in other details of management. The opportunity presenting itself he resigned the club to enter the restaurant business and then it was proven that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The M. A. C. members whose refined palates and educated tastes Mr. Laughlin had so frequently tickled, were loth to lose him, but there being no alternative they decided to give him a testimonial and the watch and chain he wears is a concrete evidence of their admiration of his amiable personality and his rare qualities as a caterer combined. Now Mr. Laughlin has his own restaurant on the northeast corner of Seventh and Locust streets, and, he is conducting the business along the same lines as the M. A. C. Laughlin's has already earned distinction as an ideal restaurant. It is popular with the business man and clerk, and theater parties find service and special attention bestowed upon them much different to that of other restaurants. And the Hungarian orchestra, which furnishes music every evening, is another of Laughlin's attractions.



A Scotch doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that myself. Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."



At one time in his career Senator Blackburn of Kentucky was rather a dandy in his way. While so afflicted he ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor and he expressly stipulated that they were to be skin tight. The trousers came home and the Senator tried them on. He went right to the tailor and opened fire on him. "What in the name of everything unprintable do you mean by sending me trousers like that?"

ANNOUNCEMENT

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of the Lincoln Trust Co., located at 710 Chestnut Street, are to remain there permanently. We solicit your Safe Deposit business and offer you the best in the line of protection and good service obtainable anywhere.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

he shouted. "Why, you said to make them skin tight," said the tailor. "Skin tight!" yelled the Senator. "Yes, by this and that I said skin tight. I wanted them merely skin tight. I can sit down in my skin and I can't in these."



Miss Mary Mannering, the author, while seeing Rome for the first time, was anxious to include a visit to the tomb of Caesar. Meeting a citizen on the street she inquired, in her best Italian, the location of the tomb. The man looked greatly embarrassed. "I am desolated, signorina," he apologized, speaking in excellent English; "I do not know. Caesar has been dead so long!"



Someone asked President Jordan of

Stanford university why it is that the two leading educational institutions of California have granted so few doctors of philosophy degrees—only twenty-five in seven years. Dr. Jordan reflected for a moment and then said: "By wider introduction of the 'trading stamp' principle in higher education the number of degrees could be increased, but with no gains to science and art."



Guttersnipe—Please, muvver wants six-pence on this 'ere fryin' pan.

Pawnbroker—Hallo! It's hot!

Guttersnipe—Yus, muvver's just cooked the sossiges, an' wants the money for the beer!—Punch.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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We have a large lot of attractive bonds and other securities.

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KUROPATKIN'S DAUGHTER

Wolf von Schierbrand, a doctor of philosophy, and the author of several books on Russian and German affairs, lends the weight of his name to a most extraordinary story relating to the daughter of General Kuropatkin. Writing at length in the *New York World*, Mr. von Schierbrand, in substance, says that it is his belief that a daughter of General Kuropatkin, commander-in-chief of the Russian army in Manchuria, is in a convent in this country, safe and well, while General Kuropatkin has for twelve years believed her dead. This child was born to the general's first wife, while the latter was residing in Rome, June 29, 1873. Shortly afterward, the mother's faith in the Russian orthodox church was shaken, and she became a Roman Catholic. For this reason, she became *persona non grata* to the Czar and other officials of the Russian Government, who were under the dominance of the Russian church, and so, having great wealth in her own right, her stays in Russia became more and more infrequent, and she found solace in traveling all over the world. Meantime, during one of the brief sojourns in Russia, a son was born. In 1885, while the mother, daughter, son, several servants, a physician, and a lady who was known as a friend of Lady Kuropatkin, were traveling in America ("either in the Far West of the United States or in Mexico, I am unable to state positively which," says von Schierbrand), Lady Kuropatkin suddenly fell sick and died. The symptoms were those of cholera or poison. It has never been determined for a certainty which of the two was the cause of her death. The doctor and lady friend brought back to Russia the two children, with the servants and nurses. A heavy metal casket some time after reached Russia, but it is believed that it did not contain the remains of Lady Kuropatkin. It was, however, buried unopened. Not long afterward, the lady friend of the deceased became the second wife of General Kuropatkin. Six years passed, the girl grew to womanhood, and then, for some reason utterly unknown, she secretly left Russia, and it was given out that she had been drowned, and the body of a young girl was, in fact, at that time taken out of the swift current of the Neva and identified as that of the daughter. Since that time the girl, now a woman, has been in the care of Catholic religious orders in this country. Mr. von Schierbrand says that he has been furnished these facts by Mother M. Joseph Hartwell, of the Five Wounds, superintendent-general of the order known as the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, under whose protection the girl, believed to be General Kuropatkin's daughter, was. This lady has written Mr. von Schierbrand (and he publishes parts of the letters) saying that in many conversations the girl has told her many things relating to her life, so that she is able to piece together the complete story, and though she believes the girl not desirous of returning to her father and friends, she desires to assist her to do so even against her will. According to the mother superior, the girl is very at-

tractive, speaks, reads, and writes ten languages, and is a fine musician. Von Schierbrand does not give the name under which the girl is now known, nor her present place of residence.

Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia relates how a business man of that city who owns a very dilapidated frame building in the Hebrew quarter was recently summoned by telephone by the tenant, a small clothing merchant, who stated that the place was on fire. The business man was very indignant when on arriving at the scene of the fire he found the damage was insignificant, the firemen having speedily extinguished the flames. Annoyed that he should have been called away from some important business, he remarked sharply to his tenant: "It's a pity the whole thing didn't burn!" "My dear sir," replied the tenant, with a deprecating gesture of his shoulders, "you can't blame me, I didn't send in the alarm!"

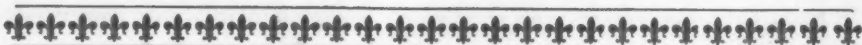
While the crown prince of Germany was a student at the gymnasium at Heidelberg he lost heavily one evening at cards and on applying to his royal father for reimbursement he received the required amount of bank notes bound together like a book. Later, after another disastrous game, he wrote the emperor: "I have finished the interesting book you sent me and am impatiently awaiting the second volume." In answer to this the emperor sent another book of bank notes, similar to the first, except that on the cover he had inscribed, "Volume second and last." The crown prince took the hint and indulged in no games of chance.

The sentinels at Pompeii who died at their posts during the eruption because they had received no orders to leave them are held up as types of perfect obedience, but then the punishments in the Roman army were brutal, and they knew it. Different was the case of an individual who, being ordered to take a hot bath by his doctor, complied with the order and remained in it until the learned man paid his next visit. The doctor exclaimed when he heard, "Why, it is enough to kill you by parboiling or chill." "It is all your fault," said the bather sulkily. "You only told me to get into a hot bath. You ought to have told me when to get out as well."

Germans are given to punning after a ponderous sort, and their language is well adapted to it. The war in the Far East gives them plenty of opportunities. At Berlin the newest name for the commander of the Russian armies in Manchuria is General "Kuroki-packten," meaning thereby that he has been "collared" (gepackt) by Kuroki. At the time of the Dreyfus "affaire," too, the Berlin wits asked: "Wie tief ist Frankreich gesunken?" ("How far has France sunk?") "Drey-fus," was the answer—three feet.

"Does your daughter play the piano?" asked Mrs. Wiggs.

"That's what she calls it," replied Mr. Biggs, "but it always sounds more like work to me."



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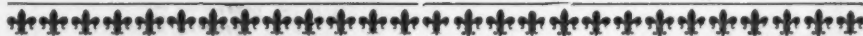
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THE VOTE AT PREVIOUS PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

To better enable the readers of The Commercial Tribune and The Weekly Gazette to have the figures of previous years before them, the following figures are given to show total vote in Ohio for President of the United States for the years from 1858 to the last Presidential election:
1858—841,941. 1892—861,625. 1896—1,020,107. 1900—1,049,121. 1904—?

subscribers estimating and not of The Commercial Tribune.

These conditions constitute the entire contract, and are subject to no modification whatsoever, and every subscriber competing in this contest assents thereby to these conditions.

The Official Certificate of the Secretary of the State of Ohio shall be conclusive as to the total number of votes cast.

After the receipt of the Official Certificate an impartial committee, selected by The Commercial Tribune, will determine the winners, and its award will be published in The Commercial Tribune for three days, after which time, in the absence of objection, the awards will be distributed, and this distribution shall be final and absolute and binding on all participants in the contest.

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If there is a tie in the estimates of two or more persons for any one of the ten leading awards, or for the special award of \$10,000, the amount thereof will be equally divided. In case of the \$10 and \$5 awards, each of the next nearest estimators will receive \$10 and \$5 respectively.

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Any fractions of a number annexed to an estimate will be disregarded and the estimate taken to mean the number submitted with the fraction omitted.

Remittances, whether by express order, money order or check, must accompany every estimate and be made payable to The Commercial Tribune. Mail communications should be directed to the Manager of The Commercial Tribune Award Bureau, P. O. Box 817, Cincinnati, O.

After an estimate has been received and registered, no changes therein will be permitted.

Acknowledgments of all remittances received for estimates will be made as promptly as possible.

Agents, solicitors and employees have no authority to make any representations or promises with reference to the terms of this contest, and for the purpose of forwarding estimates the agents, solicitors and employees of The Commercial Tribune shall be taken to be the agents of the Commercial Tribune.

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